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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Don Carlos; or Persecution. A Tragedy in five Acts.* By Lord John Russell. Bro. pp. 119. London 1822. Longman & Co.

THE melancholy fate of the Infant Don Carlos, as pervertedly represented by partial historians, has frequently formed a groundwork for the tragic drama; and were we to hold with the elder rule-givers, or even with Heinsius\* or Hawkins† as preceptors, or with the mass of English-poets of the last century, or the best French dramatists of all ages, as examples, we should be prone to acknowledge that the subject was admirably adapted for the stage. But it appears to us, that without the introduction of some adscititious incidents, characters and passions, the story of Carlos is insufficient for the construction of a tragedy of the highest order. There is little in the circumstances to create interest, and though pity may be excited, the stronger and more agitating feelings have nothing to rouse them in the cold judicial catastrophe which destroyed the life of this young prince. Owing to the causes thus enlivened to be accounted for, Lord John Russell's Play partakes of the inevitable evenness, not to say lameness, of the plot. There is but one moving principle, and that very little varied, Ambition. King Philip is ambitious and bigoted; Prince Carlos is ambitious and liberal; Valdez, the grand inquisitor, is satanically ambitious; and the Queen, in the midst of these leading characters so actuated, can only be prudent and insipid, in which latter quality, by the way, Carlos himself participates. The other parts are Don Luis and Donna Leonora de Cordoba; through whom the noble author has attempted to introduce some variety; as the former hates and betrays the prince in revenge for a blow, and the latter loves and betrays him in consequence of jealousy and unrequited affection. Lucero, an Inquisitor, Osorio, a faithful agent of Carlos, and the Bishop of Osma, also his friend (whose name is forgotten in the Dramatis Personæ), complete the persons of the drama, and are otherwise little distinguished.

Having offered these general remarks, we shall now proceed to a more minute view of this composition, and adduce passages which we think will rank the author among the poets of his time, about the class of the Flowers and Southerners rather than of the Walpoles and inferior names; desiring it to be understood, that our admiration of the Tragedy as a whole is but moderate, though there are parts which we consider exceedingly fine. The defects are, want of dramatic interest, an inherent coldness in the historical facts, and a formality in the sentiments and situations which, however classical and regular, is a poor substitute for those bursts of passion that give wild energy

to the scene, and call forth the grandest effusions of genius in the Bard. In the details, when not fettered by these obstructions, Lord John Russell has often evinced a true vein of poetry, and displayed a mind capable of a far more successful effort, if employed on a theme more congenial to Melpomene, than an alliance of politics and theology with the unwilling Muse.

Don Carlos is dedicated to Lord Holland; and a preface points out the author's historical authorities, asserting at the same time his right to depart from them when they do not suit his purpose. This argument is sensible, and, to us, convincing; for we never could read without astonishment those criticisms upon plays of this kind, which laboured at censure, because, forsooth, the writer did not strictly adhere to history. This trite absurdity was lately much revived with regard to Croly's admirable *Catiline*, and from the grave quotations, comparisons, and researches brought forward by the tedious triflers, one would have fancied it a canon not to be violated, that a Play, and the History on which it was founded, should be identical! What says Lord J. Russell?

"I trust I shall not be severely censured for these large deviations from true story. It is surely somewhat unreasonable, on the part of a 'gentle reader,' to require from the author of a professed work of fiction, a strict adherence to fact; and to confine the writer of a novel or a play to the same rules which are rightly imposed upon an historian. We may find fault with Voltaire for having displayed to us, in too favourable a light, the court of Louis XIV.; but it would not be equally just to blame Madame de Genlis for having embellished, in her romance, the character of Madame de la Vallière. It is proper to blame Hume for suppressing facts discreditable to his heroes, the Sturges; but it is going somewhat too far to call the author of 'Old Mortality' to account for the partial colouring he has given to his historical characters."

In point of fact, the thing was never done without rendering the drama a monotonous dialogue, like the Histories by question and answer for Children, of which our quondam publisher, Pinnoek, has furnished as many commendable examples as would constitute him a dramatist of Lopes-de-Vega voluminousness. Shakespeare knew better; and, truth to say, his characters have almost superseded the realities of history. Richmond is amiable; the Widow of Edward and her daughter Elizabeth only temporizing; and Richard's own mother a Leucastrian. Elsewhere he evokes supernatural agency to produce his dramatic effects, and follows the dry details of his original hint no farther than they are applicable to his great design, which is the right use to make of such materials. No architect carries up the clay of his foundation to construct his attics.

Having been led so far into disquisition, we know not that we can better illustrate

the Tragedy than by following a method which is rather a favourite with us, as suiting our limits, and at the same time illustrating our author, we mean that of quoting such passages as strike us, under proper heads, and leaving the appreciation of their merits, with very little commentary, to the taste of the public. *Suspicion* is thus poetically painted:

Valdez. Fear not;  
The King has got a demon: 'tis suspicion;  
Whose senses are refined to pain, whose ears  
Are stung to madness by a cricket's chirp;  
Whose jaundiced eyes in every shew perceive  
A covert wolf; and, mark you well, Lucero,  
He who reposes not in confidence  
That men are somewhat better than they are,  
Conceives them worse; . . . .

The King himself, in a soliloquy, thus farther and finely pursues the same theme:

the boy!  
How have I tended him from infancy  
To be my age's staff; thinking to rest  
On him my heavier cares, and curtain'd schemes  
Big with the glories of a future age;  
And now he is a vulture, hovering o'er me,  
Watching my death to feed on my remains.  
The people cry: "There is the prince shall reign  
When Philip is no more;" old nurses bless  
His beardless face, and silly children toss  
Their tiny caps into the air; while I  
Am met by frigid reverence, passive awe,  
That fears, yet dares not own itself for fear;  
As though the public hangman stalked behind me.  
And this it is to reign—to gain men's hate.  
Thus for the future monarch, Fancy weaves  
A spotless robe, entwines his sceptre round  
With flowery garlands, places on his head  
A crown of laurels, while the weary present,  
Like a stale riddle or a last-year's fashion,  
Carries no grace with it. Base, vulgar world!  
'Tis thus that men for ever live in hope,  
And he that has done nothing is held forth  
As capable of all things; poor weak herd!  
Heaven save me from the breath of their applause!

The pure love of the Queen is also portrayed with great beauty by Donna Leonora, inter-regated by Philip:

. . . if Don Carlos in her presence stands,  
Then like a statue starting into life,  
Her cheeks blush deep with rosy streams; her eyes  
Glow with unusual fires; her arm, her hand,  
No longer move with languor: all her frame  
In animated gesture speaks the soul;  
Though still her timid modesty of mind  
Temper with grace the beauty of her mien,  
Philip. She welcomes him!

Leonora. Yes, sire, such welcome gives  
As when upon the dark blank world the sun  
Pours forth his beams; when undistinguished space  
Grows rich with meaning; hill, and lake, and plain  
Glitter in new-born light, and hail the day:—  
Such is the queen, when to our quiet hours  
Don Carlos gives his leisure.

Birth-day gifts are mentioned by the spy, and Philip, displaying a clear insight into the human heart, says—

Madam, it is well;  
Such gifts are but the bonds of courtesy,

\* De Tragedie constructione.

† Origin of the English Drama, &c.

That add civility to kindred ties:

(*Aside*) Yet like I not such tokens always worn:  
Love oftentimes that dares not lead his march  
Direct from heart to heart, by such bye-paths  
Conducts his enterprise; and warm desires  
That would shrink back from looking on the life,  
Are yet excited by the fond caress.

[*Fortitude.*] - - - - - Fortitude  
Rewards itself, and dries the stream of grief  
In its own source, the mind.

[*A Portrait.*] - - - - - Carlos is hot,  
Sudden in anger, eager in discourse;  
His feelings come all struggling to his lips  
Unmarshalled by the wand of Prudence; hence  
His enemies catch up a wayward phrase  
Or thoughtless word, and dress it in a shape  
That makes it monstrous.

[*The same self-drawn.*]  
My faculties but ill become a prince:  
Our mother Nature with a strange caprice  
Fits us for other parts than those we play:  
A priestly robe covers the brawny limbs  
And lion-heart that should have been a soldier's;  
While many a delicate fibre that seems formed  
To be for ever wrapt in silken bonds  
Is torn by peasant toil, or wastes itself  
Beneath the scorching Phœbe, or night-storm,  
In guarding camps: I, even, I, was framed  
To wander idly all the day in woods,  
To gather flowers, to feed on the wild grape,  
To drink the natural spring, to list to birds,  
And find my joy in breathing balmy air—  
I was not made for courts or camps.

[*The cares of royalty.*]  
Ill do you know the spectral forms that wait  
Upon a king; Care with his furrowed brow,  
Unsleeping Watchfulness, lone Secrecy,  
Attend his throne by day, his couch by night:  
He stands the guardian of a beacon tower;  
If storms arise, they rage around his head;  
If lightnings fall, they strike upon his roof;  
And in the gladness of a summer day,  
As in the tempest of a winter night,  
He walks apart, companionless, to watch  
If 'gainst the common-weal a foe appear,  
And call the world to arms.

[*Justice.—Osma at the Inquisition.*]  
Gracious sire,  
Here Justice sits alone—a frowning power,  
Whose presence is too terrible for man,  
Unless her sister, Mercy, standing by,  
Temper the ruthless rigour of her brow.

[*Procrastination.*]  
Our greatest actions, or of good or evil,  
The hero's and the murderer's, spring at once  
From their conception: oh, how many deeds  
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime  
The world had wanted, had the actor said,  
I will do this to-morrow!

[*A wicked Priest.*]  
Valdéz. - - - - - Canst thou not see?  
The feebleness of common man proceeds  
From hosts of appetites that tear the soul  
With mingled purpose: his resolves are weak,  
His vision clouded; but my appetites  
Were in one potent essence concentrate;  
I neither loved, nor feasted, nor played dice;  
Power was my feast, my mistress, and my game.  
Thus have I acted with a will entire,  
And wreathed the passions that distracted others  
Into a sceptre for myself.

Don Carlos' Soliloquy in his prison cell,  
with which we conclude these extracts, is  
perhaps the sweetest and most touching quo-  
tation which the Play affords.  
Abode of misery! to what a line  
Of wretched men am I the heir—the walls  
Themselves speak dreadful language, here are  
names;

And here a thousand marks engraved to tell  
As many days of suffering: pshaw! away [heart—  
Such gloomy thoughts! they make me sick at  
The light is disappearing through the dim  
And narrow window of my cell—'tis evening!  
At this same hour of evening, I have stood  
Upon the borders of the mountain ridge  
That skirts the plain of Seville: the broad sun  
In full effulgence o'er a cloudless sky  
Poured his last flood of brightness: the brown hills,  
The sloes hedge and rhododendron wild,  
The golden orange and the purple grape  
All seemed as clothed in light; and now 'tis gone!  
The god of day has vanished: a low bell  
The general stillness breaks, but not offends;  
All tongues are whispering prayer and thanks to  
heaven;  
And soon again the light guitar is heard  
And aged grandmothers with young hearts behold  
The tender maidens that with graceful step  
Lead on the village dance—and yet how many  
Of those who thus rejoice, and sleep at night,  
And wake at sunrise with a heart at ease  
Would fain be Philip's heir; and dream that then  
They should indeed be happy—poor vain worm.—

After perusing these columns, it would be  
a needless question to ask if the author of  
Don Carlos has not shown himself a genuine  
poet; all that we regret is, that he has  
chosen a middle-earth subject, the atmos-  
phere of which damps his fire and represses  
his enthusiasm. Surely he who penned these  
passages could have sustained a higher  
flight. We have slightly alluded to the ad-  
mission of politics and religion into this  
drama, and wherever they are alluded to  
they also cramp the poet, though the follow-  
ing (allowing for the author's known opi-  
nions,) is worthy of exception. Philip says,

- - - - - mark my words:  
There are some busy spirits in the world,  
Whose tempers in the natural food of life  
Lack alimant, as ships whose sails in calm  
Flap to and fro, and waste their action; souls  
Whose order is disturbance; they must find  
Or make a plot, and should they fail to raise  
The subject 'gainst the prince, they move the prince  
To vex the subject: black unnatural treasons  
Rise at their bidding: spirits, dark as hell,  
Foul murders, sacrilege, conspiracy  
Wait at their beck, and instant on their call  
People the earth with horrors: there are others,  
Chapmen of human life, whose trade is blood,  
Who like the vampire live and suck their breath  
From the stern scaffold, where their comrades' heads  
Lie bathed in gore—oh, think on this and doubt!

On his, the king's exit, Valdéz speaks:  
Farewell  
Thou great example of serenity!  
The hill whose top beholds without a change  
The change of season: thou, whose mind is free  
From cumbrous trammels of humanity!  
These great men of the earth affect a wisdom  
Their closer life belies, sit wrapt in clouds  
Of mystery that cheat the distant eye  
But cannot blunt the near observer's glance.  
Destroy their people; steadfast as the oak,  
They bear the tempest: but if touched themselves,  
In their least joint, by a slight breath of air,  
They tremble like the reed—oh, magnanimity!

The blots, which it is our critical duty  
to place in opposition to the graces we have set  
down, will not, we rejoice to say, occupy  
much space, as they are principally com-  
prized in our general analysis, and we are  
besides inclined rather to catalogue than  
reason on them.

Cordoba's hatred is thus accounted for—  
Don Carlos then was choleric; he struck

In some short fit of passion his attendant;  
Forgot it, and believed it was forgiven;  
But this same Cordoba, ignobly framed,  
Of base low hatreds, and mean coward fears,  
Has panted ever since for treble vengeance,  
Yet dares not ask his own right arm to do it.

This is, in our judgment, a mistaken view  
of humanity: revenge, such as here described,  
must be rooted in a nobleness of mind, how-  
ever erroneous—the affront could not be felt  
sufficiently by a base low soul.

Valdéz calls Leonora "the sharpest tool of  
all," which Polonius might pronounce "a  
vile phrase." Philip addresses the Inquisitor  
"old priest," which is out of keeping.  
Page 21, "Heaven" is a dissyllable, or the  
verse halts for it. 28, an expletive—  
The King with his own voice gave out the order,  
32, a questionable figure.

Villain—speak it not—  
I have betrayed myself; my present trouble  
Has made a fracture in my mind; its thoughts  
Flow out unchecked;

But we will not chase these notes. The  
Play ends poorly; and the scene between  
the Queen and Carlos in prison, which might  
have been the highest wrought of all, is one  
of the least meritorious in thoughts and lan-  
guage. Osma, we think, speaks unlike a  
Spanish Bishop of his era; and Philip is  
drawn inconsistently both as it regards his  
history and nature. His union of policy and  
blindness, sound views and jealousy, prudence  
and folly, parental feeling and cruel  
apathy, could not co-exist in the same crea-  
ture. But to conclude—Don Carlos is ho-  
nourable to its author, and promises much if  
he wills to perform.

*The School for Mothers; with the Politics of  
a Village.* 12mo. 3 vols. London 1822.  
G. & W. B. Whittaker.

THE character and drift of this Novel is aptly  
alluded to in the motto to the work; \* the  
quiet of a village and its society is disturbed  
by the introduction of fashion and wealth  
into its peaceful bounds. The story is as  
follows—

Mrs. Irvine, a respectable widow, with her  
two daughters, then very young, takes up her  
abode in Fairfield, and belongs to what is called  
the better sort;—with a competency and disposi-  
tion just calculated to keep alive respect without  
exciting envy,—to be useful to her poorer neigh-  
bours without creating too great expectations.  
The tenor of her days glides tranquilly on till  
the arrival of a Mr. and Mrs. Bateman, a gentle-  
man of fortune, strongly addicted to the plea-  
sures of the turf and the table, and a lady given  
up to every whim that fashion and caprice can  
generate. In their first saunter through the  
village, the beauty of Mrs. Irvine's youngest  
daughter, Jessy, attracts the admiration of  
Mrs. Bateman; and this flatters the pride of the  
mother, who is led to suppose, by a series of at-  
tentions to the growing charms of her child, that  
more is meant than mere civility: and the conse-  
quence is, neglect of her former friends and asso-  
ciates, a dependence and compliance with all the  
caprices of a fashionable trifler, till she is en-  
veloped in the labyrinth of contrivance and sub-  
serviency. From the same source the village of

\* So when a clear expanse receives imprint  
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;  
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,  
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

Parnell.

Fairfield becomes a place of irregularity and infamy, a pest to the inhabitants who are not of the lowest kind, and the dread of strangers.

From this state of immorality and degradation it is gradually recovered by the good sense and exertions of a Sir Edward Osborne, the son of Mrs. Osborne, a neglected friend of Mrs. Irwine. This young man is the protégé of a Doctor Hart, once the friend and tutor of his father; and by the bounty of an uncle, through the medium of the Doctor, is, along with his widowed mother, secretly supported, the young Edward educated, and ultimately sent on his travels, which introduces an episode, the scene of which is laid in India, and gives rise to a variety of adventures. On the return of Edward Osborne to his native land, he finds himself in possession of a title and fortune by the death of his uncle, and employs his experience, his fortune, and his talents, in the reform of his former residence, the village of Fairfield.

As a contrast to the benevolent and reforming character of Sir Edward, and prior to his introduction, we have a litigating and unprincipled pettyfogging lawyer of the name of Stirup, who makes a prominent figure on the canvas, and brings into view many of the swindling arts, too prevalent, and still increasing in the present state of society. Through a train of villany, he is led to a catastrophe singularly horrible—after having succeeded in an elopement with Jesse Irwine, which affords a change of scene from London and its gay life to Ireland and its characteristic people.

The work embraces many popular and interesting subjects; the characters and incidents have their source in nature and truth, and are drawn immediately from the objects themselves, of which we shall give our readers an opportunity of judging by a few miscellaneous examples. Our first relates to the death of Mr. Bateman's favourite horse, which, like most of the other striking anecdotes, bears the stamp of reality—

"It was only three days before the melancholy event recorded in our last chapter took place, that Mr. Bateman, high in health and spirits, set off with a party of friends for York races, purposing to be absent from his home about a week.

"This gentleman's name was famous on the Turf, and he had enjoyed the reputation of great skill for some years. Several of his running horses had three weeks before been sent on to York, in order to be ready for the approaching meeting. Among these was a favourite mare called Diamond, a beautiful animal, which had won him repeated stakes. Independent of her other qualities, she was remarkable for her sagacity, and for her attachment to her master. She would carvet and neigh at his approach, bend her neck to receive his caresses, and was so tricky, that Mr. Bateman would frequently divert himself with her for hours.

"By some accident she had become lame; but the groom assured his master it was nothing, and that with a little care and rest, she would soon be in a condition to start again.

"Now, it happened in the evening after the first day's sport, that Mr. Bateman, being in a large company, and flushed with wine, was loudly boasting of his superior knowledge in horses; and, irritated by one of the party's disputing his judgment, proudly asserted, that he would match Diamond, lame as she was, against Sir Stentor's Cleopatra, for a thousand guineas. The bet was eagerly accepted, and 'Done'—and 'Done' resounded from different parts of the room. The distance to be run was four miles, or twice round the course; and the match was

to take place at twelve o'clock the next day, two hours before the other races began.

"The race-course was crowded long before the hour of starting; for the novelty of such apparent odds had attracted vast numbers of spectators. Some applauded, while others blamed: the former contending, that it was both shameful and cruel to risk the life of so beautiful and valuable an animal in such a state; whilst the latter observed, that the gentleman had a right to do what he chose with his own property; he had never yet gone from his word, and they were sure he would neither balk nor disappoint the people.

"The decisive hour at length came: Mr. Bateman and his friends appeared on the ground—the judges assembled—the course was cleared—and the horses led to the starting-post. Never, perhaps, did any contest of the kind excite greater interest.

"The noble animals seemed to have caught the general ardour—they snorted, erected their ears; and swift as a star shooting athwart the heavens, they darted away. 'Green and white has the start!—Now they are even!—Purple has it!' was vociferated from hundreds of voices. Ere the eye could wander round the course, the horses, abreast of each other, had passed the winning post. Some of the knowing ones observed, that they did not think Bateman's mare would hold out the second round. Before the remark had time to cool, the steeds were again in sight, and in the next moment, the race was decidedly won by Diamond.

"The spectators rent the air with acclamations—crowded round the victorious animal—stroked her reeking sides—patted her head, and loudly expressed their admiration:

"Mr. Bateman, surrounded by his friends, was standing at some distance, receiving their congratulations, when the sudden exclamation of 'She's dying! she's dying!' struck upon his ear. Springing forward, he with difficulty made his way through the press of people, just in time to see his favourite lying on the ground in her last agonies, the whole body shivering with convulsions; but, her eye was fixed on her master, till, with one long-drawn sigh, the generous creature expired.

"From that moment Mr. Bateman's spirits forsook him; the dying eye dwelt on his mind, and haunted his imagination. That same evening, as he sat with his gay companions, and the glass was freely circulating, he abruptly exclaimed to the person who sat next him, 'I shall never forget the look of my poor animal!—I see her constantly before me.' He was answered by a loud laugh, and reminded, that if he had lost the mare, he had gained a thousand guineas by her death. 'I would double the sum to have her alive again,' he replied.

"Mr. Bateman was rallied for his weakness—he got madly intoxicated, and declared he would set off that night for home. As it was late, and quite dark, his friends endeavoured to dissuade him from it; but in vain."

He falls from his horse and is killed. Mrs. Bateman survives her husband but a short period; and at her death is guilty of the cruel injustice of leaving her pet, Jesse Irwine, totally unprovided for. The picture of this heartless beauty and her weak mother, at Hazel Grove, before their expectations are quashed by the arrival of the heir-at-law, is ably drawn—

"Meantime, in all the pomp of woe, sat Mrs. Irwine and her beautiful daughter, in the darkened drawing-room; waiting with impatience the arrival of Mr. John Bateman, (for he had been expected the day before;) occasionally peeping between the nearly-closed window-shutters, watching the return of the servant from the post-office—now listening for the sound of carriage-wheels. They sighed and gaped by turns—when, after a pause, the mother observed, 'How is it, my love, you have not put on your new robe this morning? Recollect it may be quite old-fashioned before you leave off your sables,' continued she, with a deep sigh. 'La! Ma'am, what does it signify?' replied the peevish girl; but at the same time quickly made the suggested alteration in her dress. 'My dear Jesse!' cried the delighted parent, 'it is your good, your happiness, I have most at heart, and it is that which makes me so anxious about your appearance this morning.'—'I care not about my appearance, nor ever shall again,' said the daughter, flinging herself into a pensive attitude, and holding a handkerchief to her tearful eyes. 'Oh, Jesse!' cried the alarmed Mrs. Irwine, 'remember who is coming to-day. If you go on fretting in this manner, you will be as pale as death. I am sure, excepting my own family, I loved the dear departed saint better than any body in the world; but we should be moderate in our grief. And, certainly, if Mr. John Bateman is any thing like what he appeared to me in a dream last night, he is worth trying to look well for.' Jesse raised her head. 'How tall was he, Ma'am?—But I am sure that is nothing to me;' resuming her former posture. Perceiving the effect the mentioning of her dream had upon her daughter, the lady quickly resumed the subject:—'How tall was he, my love?—why, rather above the middle size—an elegant form. But I shall never forget the expression of his fine countenance, as he knelt before you.'

"Mrs. Irwine was proceeding with her rapturous description, and had, as she intended, rivetted her daughter's attention—when they were both roused by a slow, ponderous footstep on the stairs, and in the same instant Mr. John Bateman was announced.

"A tall, gaunt old man, of about seventy years of age, with a fierce and unsocial countenance, and clad as a country farmer, now made his appearance. Without noticing the ladies, (who had started up in astonishment at his entrance,) he threw a scrutinizing glance round the apartment,—surveying it on every side, and from top to bottom, quite at his leisure. Recovering in some degree from the surprise she had been thrown into, Mrs. Irwine courteously invited the stranger to be seated. Without regarding her entreaties, he continued his observations, and seemed to be taking an inventory of every article of furniture in the room. At length he sat down, and placing his large-spread hands upon his knees, fixed his eager eyes alternately upon Mrs. Irwine and upon her daughter, and that in so keen a manner, that Jesse involuntarily drew nearer to her now agitated mother, who again essayed to draw this unaccountable creature into some sort of conversation.

"This, Mr. John Bateman seemed determined to avoid; and ordering the servants, with the air of a master, to bring him some ale and what meat there was in the house, told them to be a little quick in their mo-



tions, for he had walked fifteen miles that morning, and had not yet breakfasted.

"Mrs. Irwine began to express her surprise; but was suddenly checked, by seeing Mr. John Bateman deliberately take off his shoes, and, in utter contempt of herself—her daughter—or a fine drawing-room, shake the stones out of them upon the carpet; then, brushing the dust from the soles of his feet with his hands, he put on his shoes again; and seizing the jug from one of the servants, who was going to pour the ale into a goblet, he took a silent but copious draught, breathing hah! as he set it down with a sound that made even the footman start. He then began to eat voraciously, grunting between every mouthful, and making a noise much like a hog, during the whole time he was at his meal."

"A hearty meal set Mr. John Bateman thoroughly to rights, and seemed to have awakened all his vigilance; for, the rude appearance and conduct of this onran-outang being quickly reported in the kitchen, several of the servants came into the apartment on various pretences, in order to satisfy their curiosity."

"When alarmed by their numbers, he hastily exclaimed, 'Mercy on me! what an army of locusts is here to maintain! I hope all the receipts for their wages have been taken care of.' Then falling back in his chair, and placing one leg over the other, he continued to ejaculate, 'The body of my kinswoman goes rid to-morrow; and by — but I will get hold of all this rabble the day following.'

"This last speech roused the hitherto inert powers of Mrs. Irwine. 'What!' thought she, 'talk of discharging the servants, where he himself is only on sufferance!'—'It is high time to interfere,' said the lady aside to her daughter; and assuming all her dignity, without regarding his repelling looks, Mrs. Irwine thus addressed Mr. John Bateman:—

"I presume, Sir, no alteration can take place here till the will is read." The old man turned sharply round—"Will!" said he, "what will? Have you been fabricating one?" continued he, in a voice like thunder. "Woman, dare you dispute my right—my property? Am not I heir-at-law?" raising his voice as he proceeded—"is not every thing here mine? and do you want to rob me?—Out of my house, I say!" advancing furiously towards them.

"Mrs. Irwine and Jessey, terrified at these menaces, and particularly at this last action, ran screaming down stairs, followed by the enraged party, who kept loudly vociferating after them, 'Off! off!' The fugitives sought refuge in the kitchen, where taking breath, Mrs. Irwine still panting with terror, told the servants to go instantly and procure aid, to secure that madman above stairs. But what language can describe the feelings of Mrs. Irwine, when she was told by the housekeeper, who now, it appeared, knew more than she was inclined to own at first, that the supposed maniac was really heir-at-law; and that, from the day of Mrs. Bateman's death, he had become the undoubted master of the estate."

The vanity of Mrs. Irwine induces her to try the fortune of her favourite daughter's charms in London. She lives expensively in Baker Street, and one of her fashionable dinner parties is humorously described, but we have not space for the account. The sys-

tem of *Toadying* is happily ridiculed in the sycophantic attentions paid to her neighbour, a miserly heirless old lady, called Lady Po-teena, among whose votaries Mrs. Irwine enlists, in the hope of a legacy.

The death of the unhappy mother, in consequence of the flight of her daughter with the sharper, Stirup, from a masquerade, whither she had gone as a Sultana in borrowed jewels, is so powerfully conceived, that we again lament the brevity of our limits, and that these extracts from the first volume must nearly suffice to introduce the *School for Mothers* to our readers. It is a work of un-exceptionable morals; every lesson being pointed to a good end. As a Novel, we observe that it is evidently the production of an inexperienced writer. The long episode of Edward Osborne's travels, however pleasing in itself, interferes too much with the main story, and there is a great want of the skill of authorship in marrying the hero and heroine at the beginning of the third volume, and then setting about the reform of Fairfield Village. But it seems as if the writer had been more anxious to inculcate her beneficial precepts than to preserve dramatic interest. Thus, her Indian sketches, her description of upstart pride in the ball-room of a country town, her forcible appeal in favour of humanity to the brute creation, her sequel to poor Jessey's misfortunes in Ireland, &c. &c. &c. however individually excellent, however marked with acute observation of character, and however accurate as copies from the life, do not weave so well in with the general narrative as they might have done in hands more accustomed to public writing. But we may add without hesitation, the application of every part is so uniformly praiseworthy, that instead of being called the *School for Mothers*, this book might justly be entitled the *School for all ranks and descriptions of mankind*. We cannot conclude without inserting the exquisite poem put into the mouth of a Hindoo Widow on the eve of sacrificing herself at the funeral pyre of her husband.

Where is thy dwelling, my early love?  
Is it where those clouds are dancing?  
Is it where those stars are glancing?  
Is thy home in the bright blue sky above?

Yes, thou art gone to those starry bowers,  
Where the golden waves are glowing  
Over gems in music flowing,  
Where never storm ruffles the summer flowers.

But is not thy bright home sad to thee?  
Can another world give bliss?  
Dearer than our love in this?  
Dost thou not sigh in thy bower for me?

Think how we dwelt in the desert place;  
How I loved the setting sun,  
When the toil of the day was done,  
And you came with the spoil of the hunter's race.

But our love was like the dawn-flower's bloom,  
In the morn, like that morning's light,  
Faded when all else is bright;  
Yet a memory's left in its lone perfume.

We were too happy to be so long;  
We were so blest in our lonely bower;  
But the storm hangs over the sunniest hour,  
And the serpent follows the sweetest song.

Yet again our hour of meeting's nigh;  
I left my father's halls for thee;  
Death for thy sake is sweet to me;  
Our love was form'd for eternity.

My only child is sleeping there,  
With smile too young for aught of grief,  
Like love upon a lotus leaf,  
Calm as spring, as summer fair.

My boy, the kiss I give's the last  
Thy lips will ever have from me;  
Now I have said Farewell to thee,  
The bitterness of death is past.

Come, give the bridal robe, and twine  
The crimson blossoms round my brow:  
My step is on the pile; and now,  
My love, my life, for ever thine.

*Letters from Mecklenburg and Holstein.* By George Downes. 8vo. pp. 351. London. 1822. Taylor & Hessey.

We hardly thought on taking up this volume that a Tour comprised within no great number of leagues from Hamburg could have yielded so many agreeable objects for remark as the author has found to exercise his pleasing pen. We receive it therefore as a proof that a man of talents, wherever he travels, may discover something to interest us, and that entertainment may be drawn from the Marshes of Holstein or the sands of the great Sahara. Still we must observe that the minuteness of some of Mr. Downes' descriptions, and the dryness of some of his transitions from place to place, are not susceptible of much interest, but, like many of the German towns and roads, invincibly same and dragglingly heavy. Thus what under more fortunate circumstances would have enhanced the value of his epistles, is in fact their principal blemish; and the well known points of travel which he illustrates are only tedious from their triteness. It is true however that Mecklenburg is probably of all the German states except Pomerania the least familiar to us; so that to many it may be news to be told that it comprehends 274 square miles, and 350,000 inhabitants, and its sovereign Dukes, descended from the Wendish prince, Pribislans, (A. D. 1170) are the oldest European dynasty existing, and the only reigning branch in Germany of uncontestedly Slavonian extraction. But without inquiring into the exact extent of our general acquaintance with the scenes visited by Mr. Downes, we shall better consult the plan of the *Literary Gazette*, by subjecting his work to that critical analysis, which we trust in most cases gives up to our pages the aroma of the authors thrown into our retort, and at once displays them and enriches us.

Without the nausea of a voyage, then, the trouble of seeking lodgings at Hamburg, or the fatigue of a journey thence, behold we are transported to Lübeck, a very ancient city, and full of curiosities! In the cathedral, for example, our author describes to us—

— "A painting on wood, in three compartments, by Albert Durer—representing the history of Christ—which (he adds) struck me as being one of the finest specimens of the art I had ever seen. In the first compartment are depicted the various circumstances that intervened between the apprehension of our Saviour and his crucifixion, which latter subject occupies the middle compartment. In this I was sorry to observe what I must consider an extreme error of judgment—the figure of a monkey squatting on the back of a horse, and cracking a nut. This blemish too is introduced in the most solemn part of the entire composition. I have always admired the exquisite effect produced in Rubens' picture of *The Cup found in*



*Benjamin's Sack* (one of the collection at Russborough, county of Wicklow,) by the introduction of an ass's head in the very centre of the piece—the stupid unconcern of the face contrasting admirably with the various passions, which characterise the countenances of the human figures: but such levities should never be admitted into subjects of so sacred a nature as that I have been describing. The third compartment, containing the *Resurrection and Ascension*, is much inferior to the other two. . . .

"The entrance to the nave is occupied by a crucifix of huge dimensions, curiously adorned with carved figures of ecclesiastics in various habits. The clock is an extraordinary object. The dial-plate represents the face of the sun,—the eyes of which, turning alternately to the right and left with the oscillation of the pendulum, produce a most hideous effect. Above are two figures,—one of which personifies Faith, and beats the quarters; the other, a skeleton said to represent Time, exhibits rather the lineaments of Death. In the left hand it holds an hour-glass, and in the right a hammer, with which it strikes the hours—slowly moving the head to the right and left during the process. Behind the altar is the sepulchre of the celebrated Rabundus, who—as the legend saith—used to announce the approaching deaths of the *Donahern*, or 'canons,' by a knocking within his coffin. Fortunately for the repose of the holy man, this church became secularised with the others in 1803, and the superintendence of it was consequently transferred from the chapter to the civil authorities of the city. Several stone coffins of great size, supported on four feet, add to the interest of the venerable structure."

"But one of the most interesting establishments at Lübeck is an institution of a very novel description, which (Mr. Downes informs us) "Owed its origin to the following circumstance: Dr. Leithof, an eminent physician, having a child born a cripple, was induced to direct his researches towards remedying the defect,—and, by dint of much study assisted by unremitted patience and attention, succeeded completely in six years. This success induced him to commence an establishment for the reception of females and male infants similarly affected, which at present contains twenty patients. The dormitories, which are on the ground floor—to admit, I suppose, of immediate communication with the spacious court in the rear—are elegantly fitted up. Indeed they are the only handsomely papered rooms I have seen in Germany, the walls being usually painted; which—added to the absence of carpets, and the great size of the apartments—gives them a cold and uncomfortable appearance. Several of the patients had been carried into the court for the benefit of the fresh air, as the evening was very fine. I was unable to ascertain exactly the mode of treatment, but was informed that pressure applied to the diseased part is of prime importance. The beds are of a curious and commodious construction: at the head of each there is a system of pulleys on which a catgut string is wound,—which is passed through two holes in the wood, and communicates with the body of the patient. This string admits of different degrees of tension, like those of a musical instrument, and regulates the pressure of the bandages with which the part affected is swathed. The hands of the cripples were free, and they were employed

—some with toys, others with books or work. They receive instruction two hours every evening from a master, who goes the rounds of the several dormitories. None of them ever leave their beds or change their posture, but lie continually on the back until the cure be nearly completed. There is a bath for the use of those convalescents, for whom bathing is considered beneficial. This institution is particularly serviceable to children who have contracted some deformity while at nurse.—The treatment is sometimes commenced with adult patients;—and I have seldom seen a more interesting, and at the same time affecting sight than these exhibited—many of them being young girls of seventeen or eighteen, apparently in the bloom of health and excellent spirits notwithstanding their pitiable situation."

From Lübeck Mr. D. went to Ratzeburg and Wittenburg, and being himself strongly imbued with poetical feeling, did not fail to pay a tribute to the grave of Koerner, near Wöbbelin. His account of this monument is written *con amore*, and does credit to his head and heart; and a very pretty plate of the tomb, (on Indian paper, as are several other prints which adorn the volume) greatly increases the interest with which we peruse the description.

"At the southern extremity of the sweet village of Wöbbelin lie the mortal remains of Charles Theodore Koerner. The cemetery, comprehending a considerable portion of a large field, occupies an angle formed by the junction of a by-way with the high road between Ludwigslust and Schwerin. After passing through the village, we beheld the gate of the inclosure, and the lofty oak, which—standing at a considerable distance from the entrance—marks the immediate spot of sepulture. The sun was shining in meridian brightness, and yet I experienced feelings of a deeper dye than if our pilgrimage had been performed at midnight. I have ever felt thus on approaching in the day time the lonely residence of the dead, from contrasting the cheerful beams of heaven with the cheerless and desolate scene they irradiated. For what does the invigorating luminary of day profit the dead? It warms them not—it exhilarates them not. The sun may have ripened the corn that grows in the field adjoining the cemetery:—many hands are nigh, but there are none to reap it! The sun may have matured the fruit of the contiguous orchard, and the trees may be bending their surcharged boughs over the very wall of the church-yard:—many hands are nigh, but there are none to gather it! The moon is the appropriate luminary of departed spirits, and her spectral light is congenial to the silence of the grave."

"The keys of the cemetery are lodged at the cottage of the *Schulze* (a kind of rural magistrate,) on the opposite side of the road. It is approached under an arched gate painted yellow, with some of the mouldings brown. The following line, from Koerner himself, is inscribed in large letters over the entrance:—'*Vergisst die treuen Todten nicht*' ['Forget not the faithful dead.'] A long avenue of black poplar, intersecting an oblong grassplot, leads to the cemetery,—which is inclosed by brick walls lined with a shrubbery on the inside. A short turn at the end of the avenue conducts to an iron gate, the upper part of which is wrought into a helmet,—while two plates in the lower part are severally distinguished by a cross, encircled with a wreath of ivy. On the centre of a circular grassy space within,

encompassed by a gravel walk, stands the monument. It is of cast iron, and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and sword—a favourite emblem of the deceased, which furnished the title of one of his works. Some pious hands had adorned the lyre with two wreaths of oak—the one of which was fresh, the other withered. Placed at right angles with the grave of the poet is that of his affectionate Sister, who died of grief for his loss in the second year after he was killed,—having just survived long enough to finish a portrait of her beloved brother.

"*Vattene in pace alma beata, e bella,*

*Vattene in pace a la superna sede;  
E lascia a l'altre esempio di tua fede."*

[After copying the inscriptions, the narrative proceeds.]

"But the most affecting of the numerous sepulchral details, which claimed our sympathy, was the natural monument that originally indicated the resting place of Koerner. This is the fine oak above mentioned, which has two trunks,—on one of which the following simple memorial is rudely carved, within a circular space stripped of the bark for that purpose:—

TH. KOERNER

26 Aug.

1813

In a recess of this tree the poet used to deposit the verses he composed while campaigning in the neighbourhood; and he once expressed a wish to be interred beneath it, should he die of a wound with which he was at the time afflicted. Over the inscription is a rusty sheathed sword, which had belonged to a friend of Koerner's, fastened to the two trunks with cramps of iron. From the hilt a faded wreath of white and red roses depends,—and the point passes under a tablet exhibiting the badge of a Prussian order, and a star with these three dates attached—'1813, 1814, 1815.'

Here also are inscriptions which render the spot poetically and patriotically sacred, and display that fine combination of German simplicity and enthusiasm which forms so noble a feature of the national character.

At Schwerin, our author, as elsewhere, inspected, and furnishes a pleasing account of the curiosities;—which we purpose noticing in a succeeding Number.

*The Life and Adventures of John Nicol, Mariner.* 12mo. pp. 215. Edinburgh 1822. W. Blackwood.

THIS auto-biography is of a nondescript class. It is, we believe, a genuine and authentic narrative of the life of a real Robinson Crusoe; that is to say, of a man who had in early life that determination towards the sea, which, like the predilection of a Newfoundland dog for water, nothing can restrain, and who, without settling on a desert island, saw more of the world than is pretended of his imaginary prototype.

"My life, (says the author in his Introduction,) for a period of twenty-five years, was a continued succession of change.—Twice I circumnavigated the globe; three times I was in China; twice in Egypt; and more than once sailed along the whole land-board of America from Nootka Sound to Cape Horn; twice I doubled it.—But I will not anticipate the events I am about to narrate.

"Old as I am, my heart is still unchanged; and were I young and stont as I have been,

again would I sail upon discovery: but, weak and stiff, I can only send my prayers with the tight ship and her merry hearts."

"We would we could add that the heart of our weatherbeaten Tar is itself merry: but, lamentable to say, the old man, after all his buffetings, is now living as he may—without prog in the storeroom, and all his sails aback. Poor soul! sincerely do we hope that this publication will lead to the making of his last days comfortable, and that, besides what private kindness may do, the sailor will no longer want a share in that bounty which his country bestows on its veteran defenders. Sure we are that if Mr. Lizars has done justice to his portrait in the frontispiece, and the Editor to this curious narration, Lord Melville will not be slow in granting a pension to the worn-out seaman who took part in the glorious victories of St. Vincent and the Nile.

John Nicol was born in 1755, near Edinburgh. His father was by trade a cooper, a very useful handicraft for a lad so wholly possessed with the love of the sea. In 1769 he was taken to London, and the voyage seems to have confirmed his disposition; though his return to Scotland and apprenticeship to the business of a cooper retarded its gratification till 1776, when he entered on board a vessel at Leith, and sailed to Canada. With this the travel of his simple story commences, and however unadornedly told, readers will find so much of interest in the difference of pictures between *now* and *forty years ago*, that we think a few quotations from the log-book must please a great majority of tastes.

In Canada, where he remained 18 months, Nicol observes—

"The French eat many kinds of the serpents that abound in the country; whether they are good eating I do not know, as I never could bring myself to taste them: they must be good, as it is not for want of other varieties they are made choice of. I often went of an evening with my master to catch them; we caught them with forked sticks; the Frenchman was very dexterous, and I soon learned. We often caught two dozen in an evening: when we perceived one, we ran the forks of the stick upon its neck, behind the head, and holding it up from the ground, beat it upon the head with the other, until we dispatched it. When we came home, the heads were cut off, and the snakes skinned: their skins were very beautiful, and many of the officers got scabbards made of them for their swords."

On leaving this country he embarked in the *Surprise* of 28 guns, Capt. Reeves, and in her took part in the action with the American ship, *Jason*, Capt. Manly. Of this battle he gives a very characteristic account:

"After a short but severe action, we took the *Jason* of Boston, commanded by the famous Captain Manly, who had been commodore in the American service, had been taken prisoner, and broke his parole. When Captain Reeves hailed and ordered him to strike, he returned for answer, 'Fire away! I have as many guns as you.' He had heavier metal, but fewer men than the *Surprise*. He fought us for a long time. I was serving powder, as busy as I could, the shot and splinters flying in all directions; when I heard the Irishmen call from one of the guns, (they fought like devils, and the captain was fond of them upon that account,) 'Halloo, Bungs, where are you?' I looked to their

gun, and saw the two horns of my study [anvil] across its mouth; the next moment it was through the *Jason's* side. The rogues thus disposed of my study, which I had been using just before the action commenced, and had placed in a secure place, as I thought, out of their reach. 'Bungs for ever!' they shouted, when they saw the dreadful hole it made in the *Jason's* side. Bungs was the name they always gave the cooper. When Captain Manly came on board the *Surprise*, to deliver his sword to Captain Reeves, the half of the rim of his hat was shot off. Our captain returned his sword to him again, saying, 'You have had a narrow escape, Manly.'—'I wish to God it had been my head,' he replied.

"When we boarded the *Jason*, we found thirty-one cavalry, who had served under General Burgoyne, acting now as marines on board the *Jason*."

We here find that the seduction of British combatants into the American service is not a novelty of the late war. But to proceed with "Bungs," for so the sailors called our cooper,—he tells us that after returning to England—

"We again took convoy for St. John's. In the fleet was a vessel called the *Ark*, commanded by Captain Noah. She was an armed transport. This we called Noah's *Ark*. In our voyage out, an American privateer, equal in weight of metal, but having forty-five men, the *Ark* only sixteen, bore down upon her. The gallant Noah, in his *Ark*, gave battle, we looking on; and, after a sharp contest, took the American, and brought her alongside, her captain lying dead upon her deck. Captain Reeves, with consent of the crew, gave the prize to Noah, who carried her in triumph to Halifax, and sold her."

His next trip was to the West Indies, where, sailor-like, he entered into all the fun on shore. Among other recreations, he visited the negro at *Homes*, and on this, as on other occasions, his description not only displays the invincible curiosity of his mind, but also the kindness of his heart and the naivete of his manner.

"There was a black upon the estate, who had been on the island of St. Kitt's when Rodney defeated the French fleet. He had seen the action, and was never tired speaking of it, nor his auditors of listening. He always concluded with this remark, 'The French 'tand 'tiff, but the English 'tand far 'tiffer. De all de same as game cock, de die on de 'pot.'

"They are apt to steal, but are so very credulous, they are easily detected. Captain Young gave a black butcher, of the name of Coffee, a hog to kill. When the captain went to see it, Coffee said,—

"This very fine hog, Massa, but I never see a hog like him in all my life, he have no liver, no light."—*Captain Young*. 'That is strange, Coffee; let me see in the book.' He took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, turned over a few leaves, and looked very earnest.

"I see Coffee go to hell bottom,—hog have liver and lights." Coffee shook like an aspen leaf, and said,—

"O Massa, Coffee no go to hell bottom,—hog have liver and lights." He restored them, and, trembling, awaited his punishment. Captain Young only laughed, and made him a present of them."

It is not our purpose to follow John Nicol in all his peregrinations; nor can we expect

that our readers would relish more than a rough outline of his voyages, and an amusing extract *here* and *there* where it occurs. In 1785 he sailed on a voyage of discovery round the world in the *King George*, Captain Portlock, in company with the *Queen Charlotte*, Captain Dixon.

They staid long among the Sandwich Islands, and especially at Owhyee, being the first ships there after the murder of Captain Cook.

"The natives (says Nicol) came on board in crowds, and were happy to see us; they recognized Portlock and others, who had been on the island before, along with Cook. Our decks were soon crowded with hogs, bread-fruit, yams, and potatoes. Our deck soon resembled shambles; our butcher had fourteen assistants. I was as busy and fatigued as I could be cutting iron hoops into lengths of eight and nine inches, which the carpenter ground sharp. These were our most valuable commodity in the eyes of the natives. I was stationed down in the hold of the vessel, and the ladders were removed to prevent the natives from coming down to the treasury. The King of Owhyee looked to my occupation with a wistful eye; he thought me the happiest man on board, to be among such vast heaps of treasure. Captain Portlock called to me to place the ladder, and allow the King to come down, and give him a good long piece. When the King descended he held up his hands, and looked astonishment personified. When I gave him the piece of hoop of twenty inches long, he retired a little from below the hatch into the shade, undid his girdle, bent the iron to his body, and, adjusting his belt in the greatest haste, concealed it. I suppose he thought I had stole it. I could not but laugh to see the king concealing what he took to be stolen goods."

"We were much in want of oil for our lamps. The sharks abounding, we baited a hook with a piece of salt pork, and caught the largest I ever saw in any sea: it was a female, nineteen feet long; it took all hands to hoist her on board; her weight made the vessel heel. When she was cut up we took forty-eight young ones out of her belly, eighteen inches long; we saw them go into her mouth after she was hooked. The hook was fixed to a chain attached to our main-brace, or we never would have kept her. It was evening when she snapped the bait; we hauled the head just above the surface, the swell washing over it. We let her remain thus all night, and she was quite dead in the morning. There were in her stomach four hogs, four full grown turtle, besides the young ones. Her liver, the only part we wanted, filled a tierce - - -

"They are the worst people to pronounce the English of any I ever was among. Captain Portlock they called Potipoti. The nearest approach they could make to my name was Nittie; yet they would make the greatest efforts, and look so angry at themselves, and vexed at their vain efforts."

"We had a merry facetious fellow on board, called Dickson. He sung pretty well. He squinted, and the natives mimicked him. Abenoue, King of Atoui, could cock his eye like Dickson better than any of his subjects. Abenoue called him Billicany, from his often singing Rule Britannia. Abenoue learned the air, and the words as near as he could pronounce them. It was an amusing thing to hear the king and Dickson sing. Abenoue

loved him better than any man in the ship, and always embraced him every time they met on shore, or in the ship, and began to sing 'Tule Billicany, Billicany tule,' &c.

"We had the chief on board who killed Captain Cook for more than three weeks. He was in bad health, and had a smelling-bottle, with a few drops in it, which he used to smell at; we filled it for him. There were a good many bayonets in possession of the natives, which they had obtained at the murder of Cook."

Our author's next remarkable trip was in the *Lady Julian*, Captain Aitken, a vessel which carried out 245 female convicts to New South Wales. His account of the voyage would throw Mrs. Fry and all the Newgate Committee into fits, make Mr. Grey Bennet rave, and fill every philanthropical heart with a horrible delight that such things were, and are not.

"There were not (says our authority) a great many very bad characters; the greater number were for petty crimes, and a great proportion for only being disorderly, that is, street walkers; the colony at the time being in great want of women."

"One, a Scottish girl, broke her heart, and died in the river; she was buried at Dartford. Four were pardoned on account of his Majesty's recovery. The poor young Scottish girl I have never yet got out of my mind; she was young and beautiful, even in the convict dress, but pale as death, and her eyes red with weeping. She never spoke to any of the other women, or came on deck. She was constantly seen sitting in the same corner from morning to night; even the time of meals roused her not. My heart bled for her,—she was a countrywoman in misfortune. I offered her consolation, but her hopes and heart had sunk. When I spoke she heeded me not, or only answered with sighs and tears; if I spoke of Scotland she would ring her hands and sob, until I thought her heart would burst. I endeavoured to get her sad story from her lips, but she was silent as the grave to which she hastened. I lent her my Bible to comfort her, but she read it not; she laid it on her lap after kissing it, and only bedewed it with her tears. At length she sunk into the grave, of no disease but a broken heart. After her death we had only two Scottish women on board, one of them a Shetlander."

"I went every day to the town to buy fresh provisions and other necessities for them. As their friends were allowed to come on board to see them, they brought money, and numbers had it of their own, particularly a Mrs. Barnsley, a noted sharper and shop-lifter. She herself told me her family, for one hundred years back, had been swindlers and highwaymen. She had a brother a highwayman, who often came to see her, as well dressed and genteel in his appearance as any gentleman. . . ."

"Those from the country came all on board in irons; and I was paid half-a-crown a head by the country jailors, in many cases, for striking them off upon my anvil, as they were not locked but rivetted. There was a Mrs. Davis, a noted swindler, who had obtained great quantities of goods under false names, and other equally base means. We had one Mary Williams, transported for receiving stolen goods. She and other eight had been a long time in Newgate, where Lord George Gordon had supported them. I went once a week to him, and got their

allowance from his own hand all the time we lay in the river. . . ."

"We had on board a girl pretty well behaved, who was called, by her acquaintance, a daughter of Pitt's. She herself never contradicted it. She bore a most striking likeness to him in every feature, and could scarce be known from him as to looks. We left her at Port Jackson."

"Some of our convicts I have heard even to boast of the crimes and murders committed by them and their accomplices; but the far greater number were harmless unfortunate creatures, the victims of the basest seduction."

"When we were fairly out at sea, every man on board took a wife from among the convicts, they nothing loath. The girl with whom I lived, for I was as bad in this point as the others, was named Sarah Whitlam. She was a native of Lincoln, a girl of a modest reserved turn, as kind and true a creature as ever lived. I courted her for a week and upwards, and would have married her upon the spot, had their been a clergyman on board. She had been banished for a mantle she had borrowed from an acquaintance. Her friend prosecuted her for stealing it, and she was transported for seven years. I had fixed my fancy upon her from the moment I knocked the rivet out of her irons upon my anvil, and as firmly resolved to bring her back to England, when her time was out, my lawful wife, as ever I did intend any thing in my life. She bore me a son in our voyage out. What is become of her, whether she is dead or alive, I know not. That I do not is no fault of mine, as my narrative will show."

The voyage thus ends:—

"At length, almost to our sorrow, we made the land upon the 3d of June 1790, just one year all but one day from our leaving the river. We landed all our convicts safe."

Without returning to the pacific, detailing all the love fancies of Master Nicol, and his disappointments in regard to his fair convict, his marriage and settlement in his native land, and the natural causes which have plunged him into an old age of distress, we shall now take our leave of his brief but interesting volume.\* The battle of Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th February, he very happily describes as giving the enemy "their *Valentines in style*;" and that of the Nile has also some truly sailor-like touches.

We have but to repeat our regret that after all, poverty is the lot of this man of many strange sights, vicissitudes, and perils. His tale is quite afflicting.

"At one time (he says), after I came home, I little thought I should ever require to apply for a pension; and, therefore, made

\* One of his anecdotes of a pressed man at his examination is worth preserving.

"A curious scene happened at my entry. There were a few more impressed on the same day, one an old tar. When asked by Captain Rogers, in his examination, how they hauled the main tack aboard? he replied, 'I can't tell, your honour, but I can show.' He clapped his foot into Captain Rogers' pocket, at the same instant leaped on his shoulders, tore his coat to the skirts, saying, 'Thus we haul it aboard.' Captain Barefoot, of the Nottingham, and the other captains, laughed heartily, as well as Rogers, who said, rather peevishly, 'You might have shown, without tearing my coat.'—'How could I, your honour?' was the reply."

no application until I really stood in need of it."

"I eke out my subsistence in the best manner I can. Coffee, made from the raspings of bread, (which I obtain from the bakers,) twice a day, is my chief diet. A few potatoes, or any thing I can obtain with a few pence, constitute my dinner. My only luxury is tobacco, which I have used these forty-five years. To beg I never will submit. Could I have obtained a small pension for my past services, I should then have reached my utmost earthly wish, and the approach of utter helplessness would not haunt me as it at present does in my solitary home. Should I be forced to sell it, all I would obtain could not keep me, and pay for lodgings for one year; then I must go to the poor's-house, which God in his mercy forbid. I can look to my death-bed with resignation; but to the poor's-house I cannot look with composure."

"I have been a wanderer, and the child of chance, all my days; and now only look for the time when I shall enter my last ship, and be anchored with a green turf upon my breast; and I care not how soon the command is given."

Sincerely do we trust, and almost assured do we feel, that this notice in the *Literary Gazette* will do something towards lightening the old man's load; his story has excited much of our sympathy, and we shall take pains to render it not a barren feeling.

*A Sequel to the Student's Manual; being an Etymological and Explanatory Vocabulary of Words derived from the Latin.* By the Author of the Student's Manual, &c. 18mo. 337. London, 1822. Longman & Co.

Upon the precursor to this little volume, we bestowed great praise, (See *Literary Gazette*, August 19, 1821,) and suggested to the author the design which he has now executed as a sequel to his Greek Etymologies. We rejoice to see that he has executed it with diligence, fidelity, and ability, and thus produced one of those small but eminently useful works, from which the rising generation derives such incalculable advantages.

The plan is divided into three parts: the first part presents examples of the use of the various words whose etymologies are traced in the second, which points out the value of (combining) propositions, and in the third which is a vocabulary of Latin words with all their English derivatives. It is almost unnecessary to exemplify a work of this kind, but we shall, merely to show its form, insert a few paragraphs from each part:—

*Part First.*—Class, Classic, or classical, an epithet chiefly applied to authors read in the *class* at school. The term *class* seems to owe its origin to Tullius Servius, who, in order to make an estimate of every person's estate, divided the Roman people into six parts, which he called *classes*. The persons of the first *class*, were, by way of eminence, called *classici*, (classics:) hence, authors of the first rank came to be called *classics*.

*Code, or Codex.* A collection of laws. The word comes from *codex*, a paper book; so called à *codicibus arborum*, the trunks of trees; the bark whereof being stripped off served the ancients to write their books on.—*Codicilli*, from *codicillus*, a little book. A supplement to a will or other writing.

*Coequal*—*Coercive.* See *Cum*. "The virtues of a general, or a king, are prudence, counsel,



active fortitude, coercive power, and the exercise of magnanimity as well as justice."—*Dryden.*

*Part Second.* CUM. The preposition *Cum*, marks union, and is translated by *with*, or *together*; when it enters into combination, it changes its form and becomes *com*, *con*, *col*, or *cor*. Before the vowels and the letter *h*, the final consonant is dropped.

For example:

Content, is merely a variation of *Contain*. As a substantive of the plural number it is used in a literal sense; thus, we speak of the *contents* of a vessel, or of a book. It is also used as a verb; thus, we say, Will that *content* you? but *satisfy* is more appropriate in such phrases, since *contentment* lies within ourselves, and *satisfaction* is derived from external objects.

"True happiness is to no place confined,

"But still is found in a contented mind."

Context, from *contexto* (tero, I weave.) I weave together; signifies that which is united to something else; it is principally applied to a part of a discourse or writing.

Contiguous, *contiguus*, (see *Tango*.) that which touches another. The houses of ancient Rome were not *contiguous* as ours are, but all insulated.

*Part Third.*—CLINO, *I bend*. Decline, declination, declension, indeclinable, incline, inclination, recline.—*Clivis*, a place which slopes; hence *declivity*, declivity.

COLO, *I till*.—COLTUS or CULTUS, *till'd*. Culture, cultivate.—Agriculture, (*aggr*, *agri*, a field,) incultate.—*Colonia*, a place till'd; hence *colony*.—*Culina*, the place of cultivating or dressing meat; hence *culinary*.

COPIA, *goods, stores, plenty*. Copious, cupid, capidly, from *cupio*, or *cupido*, I seek for stores, I desire, love.—*Cornucopia*, (*cornu*, horn.)

COR, CORDIS, *the heart*. Cordial.—Concord, discord, record.

CORPUS, CORPORIS, *the body*. Corporeal, corporal, corpulent, corporation, corpse, corpse, incorporate.

From these brief examples our readers cannot fail to perceive the excellency of the plan on which this little book is constructed, and to appreciate how very useful it is calculated to be as a work of reference to those who have not been classically educated, and a general help to instruction.

*The Holy Bible*. Stereotype. Printed for the Porteusian Bible Society. 1822.

Of this edition of the Bible, as surpassing all others, we cannot say that we are prepared to speak in the terms of extreme panegyric which it claims, though we allow some of its pretensions, and that it possesses considerable merit.

It has long been attempted to raise a name on the plan, but in our opinion it will not supersede the established texts, either as a school or family Bible. The Porteusian Index, which is contained in a few pages, and the larger introductory part, the work of another Protestant Prelate, whose name is suppressed, are its chief recommendations.

On examination of the printing we discover from the riding of the Index marks, (1) (2) &c. over the letter-press in some places, that the sheets have been printed off from the stereotype plates, and afterwards impressed with these signs peculiar to this Edition; which makes the whole look very like a job got up among some Bible-mongers of the day.

The contents of the Old Testament may be comprehended under three general heads: 1st, History; 2d, Doctrine; and 3d, Prophecy. The Book of Psalms is comprehended under these divisions; but we cannot see

what reasons the Editor or Editors of this episcopal Edition have for excluding so many beautiful and important Psalms from their Index mark, (see Psalm 8th,) and especially that highly prophetic one the 22d, and that admirable doctrinal acrostic Psalm the 119th.

Among many historical Chapters of the Old Testament some are unquestionably more interesting than others. Gen. 23d presents a beautiful portrait of the ancient Patriarchal manners which we have often admired. There are many of equal interest passed over without distinction in this edition; in which the whole contents of the Old and New Testament are classed under two heads, except in the parts of Our Lord's Parables and Discourses. Upon a general view, therefore, we cannot discover the real utility of this novel plan, in which the master and the scholar after all are left to an imperfect and partial direction; and if the blind lead the blind, do they not fall into the ditch? Those who need a direction may find it in the Calendar of the Common Prayer-book, and in many Indexes to the Bible long ago published.

*Grammaire Italienne composée d'après les meilleurs auteurs suivie d'un recueil d'Idiotismes; et d'un traité de versification.* Par G. Guazzaroni. London 1822. 12mo. pp. 387. Treuttel & Würtz.

It has been often remarked that books for the education and instruction of youth have undergone a material improvement of late years. The paths of learning are rendered as smooth to the little feet that are to stray in them, as the rugged materials of nouns, pronouns and verbs will admit. The youthful scholar, in the books which are now set before him, is seduced into instruction when he finds it combined with amusement, and knowledge is imparted to his opening mind while he thinks he is merely gratifying his childish appetite for novelty and pleasure. Grammar is still, however, but a dry study, and great commendation is due to him who endeavours to render the labours of the child in this branch of learning lighter, by making the rules of application more clear or more concise than they have hitherto been. It cannot be expected of us that we should have minutely read the book under consideration from the Italian alphabet to the Essay on Versification; but on a cursory perusal and an examination of the arrangement, we feel warranted in recommending it as an useful companion to the Italian student. The Grammars of Veneroni and Baretti, especially the former, have been so long, however, and so universally employed, that they have become standard books in this class; and though Veneroni (an assumed name, we believe) is frequently and sometimes justly found fault with for instances of incorrectness, he has hitherto kept his station. The present work sets the Italian language in a clear light, and much pains appear to have been taken to render the rules as comprehensive and distinct as possible. A person well grounded in this Grammar will no doubt have become a considerable proficient in the language. Nevertheless near four hundred pages of rules and exceptions, regularities and irregularities, present rather a terrific task for a beginner. If he cannot, however, get at a proper knowledge of the language in a shorter space (and we fear he cannot) he will do well to apply his mind steadily and attentively to the present publication.

A Vocabulary, and some familiar dialogues, might we think have been added with considerable advantage.

#### MEMOIRS OF ALI PACHA.

(Concluded.)

AFTER relating the difficulties of the besiegers, the narrative goes on—

"On his side Ismael Pacha flattered himself that he should overcome all obstacles, and finally accomplish the ruin of his rival. Thinking to transfix his soul with horror and alarm, he caused a fictitious report to be spread through his camp that his sons, who were exiled to Asia Minor, had been put to death. Whether Ali was now insensible to every misfortune, or whether the recollection of the defection of his sons had rendered him indifferent to their tragical end, his only observation was, 'They betrayed their father; let us think no more of them.'

"To those who appeared bending beneath the shafts of adversity, he said, 'Nothing but courage and perseverance can save us.' To one who regretted his personal losses, he replied by recapitulating his palaces which had been burnt, and his property which had been confiscated, at the same time artfully holding out to him the prospect of immense wealth in case of victory. His magnificent Palace of the Lake had now disappeared; the four hundred and fifty females who composed his harem now lived under blindages, where fever and the scurvy committed the most cruel ravages. Any heart but his would have been broken. But a gradual wasting, caused by the grief which preyed upon his vitals, was observed at times in spite of his stoical firmness. From being very corpulent, he became thin; the former fire of his eye was exchanged for a gloomy dull expression; and his hands, which were formerly plump and covered with brilliants, now resembled those of a skeleton. It is true, he still preserved his guttural laugh, the veil under which he concealed the workings of his soul; for he triumphed not only over his years, but over his passions, and even over Nature herself. He never gave way to sleep but when extreme fatigue forced him to take some moments of repose. Having then retired to the further end of a bastion, furnished with some velvet cushions, the remains of former splendour, he rested his head upon the knees of Athanasi Vaia, while Ibrahim Saratch, who had been his postmaster, kept guard at the door. He had reposed his whole confidence in these two men, who were the faithful and zealous executors of all his commands. At daybreak, he gave audience at the entrance of his chamber, mingling with his soldiers, and joking with them about the anathema hurled against him. 'They should rather call me *Elmas Ali* (the Pearl),' said he, 'instead of *Cara Ali*; for where, at my age, shall my equal be found in the whole Turkish empire? The cowards shall regret me some day, and shall learn from the evils I shall bequeath them, of what the *Old Lion* and his brave soldiers were capable.'"

There is so much of the hero in this picture, that, in spite of all his former treachery and cruelty, we are forced to compassionate the fate of the old warrior. Before it was completed, however, he succeeded in stirring up a civil war in Epirus, and especially in arming the Souliotes against his Ottoman besiegers, so that in March 1821 a general insurrection prevailed over Greece. Ismael

Pacha was thereupon deprived of the command, and Churchid Pacha appointed his successor. On the charge of fomenting the diversions in Asia Minor, Ali's sons Moncar and Veli were executed, and their heads sent to Constantinople; and

"On the 24th July, the castle situated in the middle of the lake, and in which Ali was, took fire, and almost all his magazines were reduced to ashes. This dreadful conflagration, the cause of which was unknown, (the castle being out of the range of the guns) lasted four days, during which time Ali exhibited an example of wonderful constancy and firmness.

"Greater in adversity than he had ever shewn himself in prosperity, he was seen giving his orders, and providing for the general defence, with admirable sang-froid and unshaken resolution. Amid the general distress, he deprived himself of all the luxuries, all the comforts of life; sharing his bread, his tobacco, and coffee, with his brave companions in arms, and being henceforth only anxious to live and die a soldier."

"Towards the close of December, Churchid, who had got possession of the Isle of the Lake, whether by force, or from its having been evacuated by Ali, limited his operations to confining Ali as closely as possible within his fortress. In vain had the rebel garrison given the *Old Lion* astonishing proofs of a noble and generous devotion to his person. The termination of all resistance was fast approaching. In these desperate circumstances, Ali, whose troops were now reduced to only six hundred, had to regret the desertion of his engineer Cretto, a Neapolitan adventurer, who immediately, upon arriving at the Turkish camp, informed the besiegers how to direct the fire of their batteries with the greatest effect. The destruction of Ali was no longer doubtful in the Turkish camp, and at Constantinople. It might still, however, have been deferred, had not an epidemic, the inevitable consequence of a protracted siege, afforded Tahir Abbas and Mouhardar Aga an opportunity of prevailing upon four hundred and fifty Albanians, who formed a part of Ali's little garrison, to open to Churchid the gates of the fortress of Litaritza. Ali was now reduced to take refuge, with about sixty of his most resolute adherents, in the citadel, a place very strongly fortified both by nature and art, and in which was the tomb of his wife Emineh. He had previously transported to this place provisions, his treasures, and an enormous quantity of powder, being determined to bury himself in its ruins rather than yield."

"Thus shut up in his last asylum, with a handful of men determined to brave death, Ali had it notified to Churchid, that it was his intention to set fire to two hundred thousand pounds weight of powder, and thus blow himself up, if the Sultan did not grant him a pardon and his life. This was not a vain menace from a man who was more disposed to imitate the heroic end of the Caloyer Samuel and of Mustapha Bairactar, than the example of his own children, who had both fallen by the fatal cord: Churchid also knew that Ali kept, night and day, in his powder magazine a Turk named Selim, at all times ready to sacrifice his life, and who was always provided with a lighted match for the purpose of firing the magazine whenever his master should give the signal. It was upon this volcano, the fatal explosion of which a spark was sufficient to produce,

that the *Old Lion* founded his last hopes. It was in this his purposed tomb that he had shut up his dear and devoted wife; and it was here that he every night repaired to snatch a few moments of repose.

"These circumstances, as well as Ali's intentions, being known, kept the besiegers at a certain distance from the fatal tower: their courage was not proof against the two hundred thousand pounds of powder, which would in a moment have destroyed the existence of thousands. In this painful perplexity, Churchid, after having taken the advice of his council, had it announced to the rebel by one of his officers, sent with a flag of truce, that at length the Sultan had listened to his prayers and earnest solicitations, and had granted to the Vizier Ali his pardon; that he had been empowered by the Divan to grant him a full and entire amnesty, provided he would immediately repair to Constantinople, and there prostrate himself before the feet of his master, who would be satisfied with this act of submission. That upon this condition his highness would permit him to retain his treasures; and that he might even, with a few followers, retire to any part of Asia Minor most agreeable to him, where he might end his days in tranquillity and peace. The Sultan's Seraskier added, that the firman of mercy was on the road; but that previously to its arrival it was necessary that Ali should repair to the Island of the Lake, there to confer with Churchid in person.

"In short, to give him a proof of the sincerity of his reconciliation, and a particular guarantee for his safety, the Seraskier consented that every thing in the citadel should remain upon its present footing; that is, that the lighted match should still be entrusted to Selim, and the garrison continue in the same state.

"Ali acceded to Churchid's proposals, whether he was blinded to his fate, or whether it was a part of his destiny to fall by the same snares which he had so often laid for his own enemies. He embarked with about a dozen of his officers, and repaired to the Island of the Lake. The Sultan's Seraskier had ordered a magnificent apartment to be prepared for Ali in the same monastery of Sotiras where he was accused of having starved to death Mustapha Pacha of Delvino. There for seven days Ali was treated with every mark of respect, and had frequent conferences with the Turkish generals, many of whom had formerly been attached to him. They continually assured him of the certainty of his pardon. Whether Ali was completely deceived, or whether he placed no confidence in the act of clemency and pardon, he still continued to form intrigues, and congratulated himself upon having accepted the first proposals of the Seraskier. His confidence also was increased by knowing that the fatal match was still in the hands of his faithful Selim, and that his treasures, placed upon barrels of gunpowder, would be blown up at the first signal; and that his head, without his riches, would be no gratification to the Grand Seigneur, whose only object was his spoliation.

"Such was the state of both parties, when, on the morning of the 5th of February, Churchid Pacha despatched to Ali, Hassan Pacha, formerly the Sultan's admiral, to announce to him that his pardon had at length arrived. The Seraskier congratulated him upon it, and persuaded him to answer this proof of the Sultan's clemency by a corres-

ponding token of his ready and perfect submission. He therefore proposed to him, first, to order Selim to give up the lighted match; and, afterwards, to command the garrison to evacuate their last intrenchments, after having planted the Imperial ensign upon the battlements; and that then only the Grand Seigneur's act of clemency would be declared to him in form.

"This demand immediately opened Ali's eyes; but it was now too late. He answered, 'that upon quitting the fortress, he had ordered Selim to obey his verbal order only; that any other, though even written and signed by his own hand, would be ineffective with that faithful servant; and he therefore requested he might be allowed to go himself and order him to retire.' This permission was refused him; and a long dispute followed, in which all the sagacity and address of Ali Pacha were of no avail. The officers of the Seraskier renewed to him the strongest assurances, swearing even upon the Koran that they had no intention to deceive him.

"Ali, after hesitating a long time, encouraged by a faint glimmering of hope, and convinced that nothing could now alter his situation, at length made up his mind. He then drew from the folds of his vest the half of a ring, the other half of which remained in Selim's possession: 'Go,' said he, 'present this to him, and that ferocious lion will be changed into a timid and obedient lamb.' At sight of this token from his master, Selim, having prostrated himself, extinguished the match, and was instantly poniarded. The garrison, from whom this murder was concealed, having had the order from Ali Pacha notified to them, immediately hoisted the Imperial standard, and were replaced by a body of Turkish troops.

"It was now noon, and Ali, who still remained in the Island of the Lake, felt an unusual agitation, accompanied by extreme depression of spirits: he did not, however, suffer his features to betray the internal emotions of his soul. At this awful moment, with a firm and courageous countenance, he sat surrounded by his officers, who were for the most part desperately wounded, or worn out with fatigue and anxiety. Ali's frequent yawnings, however, proved that nature had not resigned all her claims upon him. But at sight of his arms, his daggers, his pistols, and blunderbuss, the stupor produced by over-excitement cleared from off his brow, and his eye again glistened with its former fire. He was seated fronting the door which led to the conference-chamber, when, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Hassan Pacha, Omer Bey Brioni, the Solicitor of Churchid Pacha, and several other officers of the Turkish army, entered with their suite: the gloom upon their countenance was of direful presage. At sight of them, Ali arose with all the impetuosity of youth, and grasping one of his pistols—'Stop! what is it you bring me?' cried he to Hassan with a voice of thunder.—'The firman of his Highness: know you not his sacred characters?' (showing him the signature).—'Yes, and I revere them.'—'If so,' said Hassan, 'submit to your fate, perform your ablutions, and make yont prayer to God and to the Prophet: your head is demanded.' Ali would not permit him to conclude: 'My head,' replied he furiously, 'is not to be delivered up so easily.' These words, uttered with astonishing quickness, were accompanied by a pistol-ball, by which Hassan's thigh was broken. With the rapidity

of lightning Ali drew forth his other pistols, with which he shot two more of his adversaries dead upon the spot, and already had levelled his blunderbuss loaded with slugs, when the Selictar in the midst of the affray (for Ali's adherents defended their master with the utmost fury) shot him in the abdomen. Another ball struck him in the breast, and he fell, crying out to one of his Sicaires, 'Go, my friend, despatch poor Vasiliki, that these dogs may not profane her beauteous form.' Scarcely had he uttered these words when he expired, after having killed or wounded four of the principal officers of the Turkish army. Many of his followers had fallen by his side before the apartment was in possession of their adversaries. His head, being separated from his body and embalmed, was the next day sent to Constantinople by Churchill Pacha. It arrived there on the 23d February; the Sultan had it carried to the seraglio, where it was shewn to the Divan, after which it was promenaded in triumph through the capital, the whole population of which, intoxicated with joy, were anxious to behold features which, when animated, had inspired so much terror. It was afterwards exhibited at the grand portal of the seraglio, with the decree of death affixed by the side of it.

"Such was the end of Ali Pacha!—of that 'Colossus,' say the Epirotes, 'who has disappeared from among a people whose ferocity he had considerably softened; and who, had his energies been directed by better principles, might have been ranked among the friends and benefactors of mankind!'"

Thus, like a grand drama, terminated the life of this extraordinary person, leaving, however, the smothered ashes of a fire which will probably, at no distant time, blaze out with augmented fury, and scorch the Turkish Empire. The Volume which contains his history is extremely interesting, and justifies our recommendation of it in the warmest manner.

[We are sorry to hear from Mr. Relfe, the publisher of this volume, that in consequence of some inadvertences in copying parts from another work, a claim has been enforced against him by a more experienced bookseller, which has utterly swallowed up all the advantages he ought to have reaped from its publication. It seems to be a hard case on a young beginner; and, if founded in law, certainly abridges the rights of compilation much more than we ever imagined. Without entering upon the question, we shall only say, that as Mr. Relfe is bringing out a new and improved edition, with much new and interesting matter, we trust its success will not only compensate the past loss, but reward his meritorious exertions.]

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

*Means of rendering Wood, Linen, &c. &c. incombustible.*

It always affords us pleasure to give publicity to any discovery that promises to be of advantage to society, and more especially, when it is calculated to preserve the property and lives of those individuals who adopt it. Mr. Benjamin Cook, of Baskerville House Birmingham, in his experiments on the Alkalies has discovered that all linens, cottons, muslins, &c. &c. when dipped in a solution of the pure vegetable alkali at a gravity of from 124 to 130, taking water at the gravity of 100, become incombustible. That all timbers become incombustible when saturated with a solution of alkali at the gra-

vity of 140 to 150. He has two methods of saturating timber, first by letting the timber in the plank lie in the solution for several weeks, until the alkali has perfectly filled up the pores of the wood—but the method he prefers, is the use of a powerful machine, by which he extracts or forces out the sap, and then forces the alkali through the whole tree, thus filling up all the pores and rendering the tree incombustible; this he proposes to do as soon as the tree is felled, and before the bark is taken off. When the bark is in its best state he performs this operation in a few hours, which, while it renders the wood incombustible, completely prevents dry rot.

The solution of pure vegetable alkali which Mr. Cook prepares for securing from fire muslins, cottons, &c. &c. is as pure as the clearest spring water, perfectly free from smell, and will not discolour the finest cambrics or muslins. When so many dreadful accidents are continually happening from ladies' dresses taking fire, from bed and window curtains being set on fire either by accident or carelessness of servants, we cannot but consider this discovery as one of great importance to society.

For ship timbers, its value is inestimable, and not less so for all timber for houses and public buildings.

We understand this gentleman obtained a patent for his discovery nearly eight months ago, and that its not yet having been brought into the world, has been occasioned by the delays he has experienced in preparing the proper apparatus for making the solution in that pure state requisite for use in muslins, cottons, &c. &c.—(From a Correspondent.)

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Nov. 9.—On Saturday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. J. E. Jones, St. Edmund Hall; C. G. V. Vernon, D. Dundas, Students of Ch. Ch.; Rev. J. Forby, Rev. C. Ward, Brasenose Coll.; Rev. J. Jeane Coney, Oriel Coll.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—H. U. Tighe, G. Ch. Coll.; A. Roberts, Trinity Coll.; J. Muckleston, Ch. Ch. On Thursday last, the Rev. C. Posthumus Belgrave, Fellow of Lincoln, was admitted Bachelor in Divinity; and the Rev. J. Matthew Glubb, of Exeter College, was admitted Master of Arts.

Nov. 16.—On Saturday the Degree of D.D. was conferred on the Rev. J. L. Mills, B.D. of Magdalen College, Chaplain to His Majesty's Forces in the Canadas.

Nov. 23.—On Saturday last the following Degrees were conferred:

*Doctor in Divinity.*—Rev. P. N. Shuttleworth, Warden of New College, Grand Compounder.

*Bachelor of Civil Law.*—W. B. Higgins, Esq. Trinity College, Grand Compounder.

*Masters of Arts.*—C. Gower Boyles, Exeter Coll.; R. Burn, St. Edmund Hall; T. Heathcote Tragitt, Scholar of Corpus Christi Coll.; J. Wootton, Balliol Coll.; Rev. H. Morse, Worcester College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—J. Brown, H. A. Browne, Queen's Coll.; R. Burn, St. Edmund Hall; W. A. Home, Student of Ch. Ch.; E. Trimmer, E. Elton, Brasenose Coll.; J. King, Hon. Russell Barrington, Oriel Coll.; G. Paul Belcher, Worcester Coll.; P. Aubin, Fellow of Jesus Coll.; W. Battiscombe, W. Brownlow, Pembroke College.

Yesterday, the Rev. C. Alcock, Fellow of New College, was admitted Master of Arts; and J. Polliott, of Pemb. Coll. Bach. of Arts.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 16.—On Monday, Lord Thomas Hay, of Trinity College, son of the late Marquess of Tweeddale, was admitted Honorary Master of Arts.

On the same day a grace passed the Senate to confer the degree of D. D. by royal mandate, on the Rev. Daniel Cresswell.

The Seatonian prize for the present year has been adjudged to the Rev. Edward Bishopp Elliott, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College, for his poem on *Antiochus Epiphanes*.

The subject of the Norrisian prize essay for the ensuing year is—*The Office and Mission of St. John the Baptist*.

Nov. 22.—At a Congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:

*Honorary Master of Arts.*—Lord G. H. Spencer Churchill, of Emmanuel College, third son of the Duke of Marlborough.

*Bachelor in Divinity.*—Rev. J. Miles, Queen's Coll. head master in the Royal Academy of Music, *Master of Arts.*—Rev. A. S. Thelwall, Trin. Coll.

*Bachelor in Civil Law.*—Rev. Owen Marden, Trinity hall.

*Bachelor in Physic.*—E. Morton, Trinity Coll.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—Rev. T. Henshaw Jones, St. Peter's College, C. Douglas Halford, Jesus College, and C. Fursdon, Downing College.

On the same day a grace passed the Senate, "To purchase the late Dr. E. D. Clarke's collection of minerals at the sum of 1500*l*."

#### GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

Great sensation has been excited in Germany by a Work bearing the following title:

"On the disgraceful Proceedings in German Universities, Gymnasiums, and Lyceums; or History of the Academical Conspiracy against Royalty, Christianity, and Property. By K. M. E. Fabricius, Librarian at Bruchsal."

This Work, of about 200 pages, is dedicated to all the Founders and German Members of the Holy Alliance, their Ministers and Ambassadors to the Diet; and tells them things that make the hair stand on end. Men such as Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Campe, Löffler, Paulus, Krug,\* and a long et cetera of names, to the number of 60,000 writers, are here denounced as corruptors and seducers of youth, blasphemers, liars, incendiaries; who have formed, directly and indirectly, an association by which all thrones are threatened, and from which all the revolutions we have witnessed proceeded. M. Fabricius knows this Association; he even prints the oath taken by the Members. He proposes to abolish all the Universities, or at least to place them under the most rigorous surveillance; for the tutelage under which they now are is very far from satisfying him.

\* Of Leipsig. This gentleman has published a very severe reply.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### PORTRAIT OF THE KING.

Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE has finished an immortal Portrait of His Majesty—as far as the term immortal can be applied to a painting for preserving, while it exists, a perfect resemblance of its original, and a noble specimen of the art. We have no hesitation in saying that the admired President of the Royal Academy has in this picture affected his chef-d'œuvre. With the truth, nature, and simplicity of Vandyke, he has united his own brilliancy and grace; and to all has added a back-ground and keeping, which shows that his Rembrandt has not been contemplated in vain. Altogether he has produced a really



exquisite Portrait. The King is seated on a figured crimson-coloured sofa, in an easy and unaffectedly elegant attitude. He is habited in a blue frock-coat, with fastenings and silk tassels, &c. instead of buttons; black small-clothes, and thin silk stockings. The star and garter are worn, and round the neck the jewel of an order (probably the Guelphic) suspended by a broad red ribbon, which resembles an under vest, carries out the colour, and finely relieves the dark dress and black silk neck-cloth. His Majesty's hat and gloves are carelessly thrown on the sofa, by which is also a paper which has received the royal signature. A handsome table with writing apparatus forms a good accessory on the right; and towards the centre and left, an arched window with a superb landscape, leaves nothing to be wished for. But the most inestimable quality of this picture is that to which we have already alluded—its perfect resemblance. It seems as if the King himself were looking out of the canvas. There is no painter's flattery, but a verisimilitude, which might be called dry geometrical precision in the measurement of features and proportions, were it not so beautifully executed as a work of colour and combination. The face is entirely nature, both in tone and expression; and is besides so carefully finished that not a line or touch of the pencil appears to be wanting. The hair is free and graceful. The draping downwards is good, and the limbs are exquisitely disposed and coloured. The flesh tint under the gauzy silk is happily done, and the uncommonly handsome ankle and foot of His Majesty displayed to advantage. The light upon the hands, (of which the right rests upon one knee and the left is up towards the breast) is charmingly thrown in to give them importance, and at the same time contribute to the contrasts required by the *chiaro oscuro*.—Upon the whole we should not have mentioned these details of excellence, but to afford a clearer idea of a work, of which it would have been sufficient character to state that it was the best we have ever seen from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is said that the King told the artist "Paint me as I am;" and if this anecdote be true, we need only add that he has completely performed his commission. It is for Carlton Palace; but we earnestly hope it may be allowed to be engraved.

## CANOVA.

A Portrait on stone by Ganci, from a painting by Bossi, of this distinguished individual, has, within the last week, appeared in all the print-shops. Of the likeness we can hardly judge, as it is a younger picture than Canova within our knowledge. It is a spirited head, but the impression on our table is not so perfect as some we see in public. If we are not mistaken, Tresham took a likeness of this artist when at Rome, about thirty years ago, from which (if there is no later portrait by a British hand) we should like much to see an Engraving, further to preserve his memory among our native Artists, to whom it is endeared by great and constant liberality in the advancement of their studies in Italy. In the meantime the present publication is doubly acceptable on that account; and we have only to hint to its proprietors, in addition, that as yet our lithographic specimens are in price sadly out of proportion with those produced on the continent. We are convinced that a less sum would so much augment the sale as to repay the artists equally well.

ORIGINAL POETRY.  
FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.V.—*The Happy Isle.*

There was a light upon the stream,  
Just one pale and silent beam  
From the moon's departing car,  
From the setting morning star,  
Like Hope asking timidly  
Whether it must live or die;  
But that twilight pause is past,  
Crimson hues are colouring fast,  
All the eastern clouds that fly,  
Banners spread triumphantly.  
The moon is but a speck of white,  
The sun has looked away her light;  
Farewell, Night, thy shadowy gleams,  
Dewy flowers, gentle dreams!  
Be thy starry pinions furled,  
Day has blushed upon the world.  
Never day-beam hath shone o'er  
Lovelier or wilder shore!  
Half was land, and half was sea  
Where the eye could only see  
The blue sky for boundary.  
From the green woods sounds are ringing,  
For the wakened birds are singing  
To the blossoms where they slept,  
Thanks for the sweet watch they kept.  
Here stand tall and stately trees;  
Others, that the slightest breeze  
Bows to earth, and from their bloom  
Shakes and rifles the perfume:  
Like woman, feeble but to bless,  
Sweetest in weak loveliness!  
Music is upon the air,  
Azure wings are waving there;  
Music is on yonder hill,  
A low song from its bright rill,  
Where the water lilies float,  
And the Indian Cupid's boat,  
The red lotus; while above  
Hang the Grecian flowers of love,  
Roses—leading soft and bright,  
Lives, half-perfume and half light;  
In their leaves the honey bee  
Lulled to sleep voluptuously.  
There are shades, which the red sun  
Never yet has looked upon,  
Where the moon has but the power  
Of a cool and twilight hour.  
By the sea are sparry caves,  
Where the music of the waves  
Never ceases, and the walls  
Are hung with the coronals  
Left by Sea-maids, when they wring  
Pearls which in their wet hair cling.  
'Tis a land of fruit and flowers,  
Silver waters, sunny hours;  
Human foot has never prest  
Its so sweet and silent rest.  
But a bark is on the sea,  
And those in that bark will be  
Soon upon the island shore,  
And its loneliness is o'er!  
Oh, if any dare intrude  
On the lovely solitude;  
If there be that need not fear  
Breaking the sweet quiet here;  
If there should be those, for whom  
Leaves expand and flowers bloom,  
Birds breathe song,—oh, if there be,  
Surely, Love, it is for thee!  
Lover's step would softly press  
Flowers with its light caress;  
Lover's words would have a tone  
With each song in unison;  
Lover's smiles would be as fair  
As the sunniest day-beam there;

And no roses would be sweet  
As the sighs when lovers meet.  
The slight bark came o'er the sea,  
Two leant in it mournfully:  
One who left her convent cell  
With the youth she loved so well,  
One who left his native land  
For the sake of that dear hand.  
Shine and storm they had sailed through—  
What is there love dare not do?  
Her arm round his neck was thrown,  
His was round her like a zone,  
Guarding with such anxious fear  
All it had in life most dear.  
Pale her cheek, and the sea spray  
Dashed upon it, as she lay  
Pillowed on her lover's arm;  
But her lip still kept the charm  
(Fondly raised to his the while)  
Of its own peculiar smile,  
As with him she had no fear  
Of the rushing waters near;  
And the youth's dark flashing eye  
Answered her's so tenderly,  
So wildly, warmly, passionate,  
As she only were his fate.  
But Hope rises from her grave,  
There is land upon the wave:  
What are toils or perils past?  
Reached is the bright isle at last,  
Free from care or earthly thrall,  
For love's own sweet festival! L. E. L.

## LINES COMPOSED IN A DREAM. (A FACT.)

How apt is fancy still to trace  
Each motion of that form divine!  
To dwell enraptur'd on each grace,  
Each word, each look of thine!

Those soft enchanting eyes of thine,  
On me must not be bent,  
These fond unhallow'd sighs of mine,  
Unpitied must be spent!

That blessed form in dreams I see,  
That heavenly voice I hear!  
It bursts and swells harmoniously  
Upon my ravished ear!

Alas! I wake—the vision flies,  
Hope quits her sainted shrine,  
(Delusive hope!) that sickening dies—  
And leaves this breast of mine.

## ADVENTURES OF A THIEF: IMPROMPTUS.

TOM TREADMILL from a jeweller's shop one day  
A silver tea-pot stole, and ran away;  
Pursued and caught, he in the dock was placed,  
And hanged on proof how thief and pot were chased.

A thief stole a tea-pot, in a window placed:  
Both pot and thief excessively were chased;  
And after being taken, as they tell,  
Were both of them directly sent to cell.  
Still they were both alike, both still were suited,  
For each of them was highly executed.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## WINE AND WALNUTS.

## Chap. XX.—THE CHICKEN-HOUSE.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "I do recollect the stained glass at the Chicken-house; and to show you that I would be clear in the matter of fact, I have a distinct notion of there being two bustos, one of King James the First, the other of the first Duke of Buckingham; and that they were inserted in a casement at the south gable of that old house,

"I further recollect trudging up the hill with old Basile the engraver, many years ago, to see your Uncle Zachary, when he had apartments at the Chicken-house; and his relating that Mister James Hndson and Mister George Vertue came thither one day with Mister Horatio Walpole in his carriage, to compare the likeness of King James with a little ivory bust of that Sovereign, which was lost by the Pretender, and picked up in a field in the North by an ancient Scots piper; and your Uncle's observing that it was a choice piece of carving, and bore a faithful resemblance to the bust on the glass. And further—see how one little circumstance baits the memory to catch another—that the worthy old Painter was constantly fidgetting about the spot with the hope of obtaining these curious scraps of antiquity, and Mister Horatio laughing at him for his weakness in setting about the business. He first began by doubting to the proprietor of the house, who was a widow, whether they were as old as the inscription pretended; and then his candour getting the better of the little stragem, blurred out, 'I should not mind offering twenty pounds for them.'

"O! O!" said the Landlady, curtsying, 'say you so, Sir! If they are not so old as you think, Sir, perhaps I am not so young as you may suppose, Sir;' and so the Doctor was foiled. The honest Landlady said she would not part with them, neither for love nor money, and kept her word. 'Now,' said Mister Horatio, 'if I had been left alone to strike the bargain, I would have betted you twenty pounds, my ingenious friend, that I would have borne away the prize.'—He (Mister Walpole) had no mean opinion of his address in these matters, said your old Uncle; and certainly knew how to go to the curiosity-market as well as the best of your cunning-virtuosi; but I question if he would have been too many for our Landlady, who was a shrewd woman. She had learned from many distinguished visitors, whose curiosity had led them from time to time to see these pictures on glass, that they were valuable attractions to the house; and the learned, above all others, are mistaken,' said the worthy old Citizen, 'take my word for it, with all my respect for the sex, who make an easy matter of out-witting the wary-grown widow who lives by letting lodgings.' Faith, it just now comes into my thoughts that there was another—O, old Chauncey—he was a long while nibbling at this antiquarian bait; but the Widow was too many for him too, which surprised the Cognoscenti not a little, as it was notorious that the Doctor and his brother, and old Doctor Snags, were a triumvirate generally considered an over-match even for thrice the number of picture-dealers—commonly the greatest rogues alive.

"It is many, many years since," said the Doctor, "and yet I do remember passing some social hours with Mister Hardcastle at Hampstead, and particularly going abroad at day-break with the old gentleman—he was always an early riser, was he not?—to angle in the ponds. One, I remember—the uppermost towards Caen-wood—was pretty well stocked; and that reminds me of a story that was current, of Sir Richard Steele and Doctor Arbuthnot making a party with some others over the bottle at the Flask Tavern, for a fishing-excursion at one of the Hampstead ponds, and of Swift and Pope's sauntering across from Well-walk to see the Cockney sportsmen, as the Dean dubbed them; and

how Swift, secreting himself behind a bush, humorously quoted his lines with a Stentorian voice—

"His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,  
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke;  
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,  
And sat upon a rock——"

"And bobb'd for whale!" roared out Aaron Hill, who was a lively spark, finishing the verse. But what a dainty scrape poor Aaron got into, with Pope, and how it terminated in a very pleasant, social dinner-party at the Doctor's!

"You must know then that the Dean had called on Pope, and they took a drive up to Hampstead, where Arbuthnot had hired a furnished house; and not finding the Doctor at home, they hunted him out at the pond.

"The Dean was always inclined for a frolic; and Pope, though inimical to every kind of prank, sometimes yielded himself a sort of party—indeed the Dean was irresistibly absolute, touching these matters, at times. The Dean then, stealing up to the spot, took Pope by the sleeve, whispering, 'Let's surprise the idlers;' and, *volens volens*, dragged him behind the bush.

"The day was hot, and the anglers having laid their hats upon the grass, fished in their wigs. Aaron Hill, mistaking it for his own, caught up the Doctor's hat, and dipping it into the water, emptied its contents right into the bush from whence issued the voice, supposing the verses to proceed from some impudent fellows who meant to insult the party. This was the age for practical jokes—when lo! to the confusion of Aaron, who felt a most reverential respect for the great poet, out rushed Mister Alexander Pope, dripping with the brim-full hat of water, which had unluckily come full in his face, and streamed from his full-bottomed wig, and there he stood, like the picture of Niobe, distilling into tears.

"A very cool salute, Mister Aaron, upon my word," said Swift sternly, whose peering eye witnessed the act through the bush, by which he escaped a wetting, having dexterously stepped aside; whilst Pope, the passive confederate in the intended prank, as the mischievous Fates mostly order it, came in for the whole weight of the punishment—'A very cool salute, Master Aaron,' repeated Swift. 'O! O! is it thus you treat your better!' "

"My God! is it you, my honoured Sir!" exclaimed Aaron Hill in a faltering voice—'I most humbly ask your pardon, Mister Pope. How could I possibly expect—Alas! Mister Dean, how could I expect—'

"To see two such heroes playing bush-fighters," added Doctor Arbuthnot, very coolly looking round in his spectacles as he was putting a new bait on his hook.

"Indeed, indeed, Mister Pope, I am all sorrow at this unintentional mishap."

"All sorrow, Sir!" echoed the Poet—'Pox take it!' scarcely knowing what he said in his momentary anger—'I am all sorrow too, Sir!'

"Why, sorrow is ALWAYS DRY," said Swift, looking grave as a Judge—"at least so says the old adage."

"This electrified Pope; there was something so odd, so genuine, so much in the true spirit of the *Scriblerus* school—something so unlooked for, so comical, so prompt in manner and in mood, that Pope (who certainly was at heart as true a wit as either of his illustrious friends,) could not avoid a smile;

so shaking his head, he observed, 'Mister Aaron Hill, I heartily forgive you—It was intended by the Fates as a cool reflection upon me for keeping such company.'

"The anglers put up their implements to follow Swift and Pope, who left the spot for the Doctor's house to get a change of linen, (for he was completely soaked) and to have his wig set to rights, when suddenly another little storm arose. The testy Doctor began at Aaron Hill for making free with his hat instead of his own; and Pope had the laugh in turn, exclaiming, '*Lex talionis!*'"

## LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Nov. 20, 1822.

WHAT with the Elections, the Congress, the army de la Foi, the political prosecutions of M. Constant and others, and la hausse et la baisse of the funds, there is a complete stagnation of all literary and scientific activity. We are all gamblers or politicians, candidates or electors, Trappists or Descamisados.

M. Lafont, a celebrated player on the violin, has just made a *fugue*, to be sure; but then it happens that it is any thing but musical. He received from his places, at the *Conservatoire de Musique* and the King's Chapel, about 25,000 francs per annum. This sum he judged insufficient, and the love of lucre induced him to speculate in the *rentes*. He has lost 300,000 francs; and without bidding adieu to the *Conservatoire* or the *Chapelle*, he has set off on a *petit voyage*. It is said that he hopes at London to find an asylum and to repair his losses, by giving concerts to charm away the chagrin of fellow-sufferers who have lost by their speculations in the British market, but who have still enough left to permit them to stay at home. If M. Lafont cannot scrape in honour of Plutus, he means to prove that at least *Polymnia* has not been covetous of her treasures, or niggardly in her gifts.

While a large party were laughing the other evening at the adventures of M. Lafont, they were excited to still greater hilarity by the exclamation of a steady old gentleman—"He is however better off, after all, than M. —;" of whom he told the following anecdote, which will lose, by the by, exceedingly in the translation:—"M. — is a musician at Paris, who enjoys a certain reputation, less, however, by the superiority of his talents, than from the enormous length of his nose. He fell in love with a beautiful girl of sixteen, and a few weeks since demanded her in marriage of her parents. The proposition was favourably received, and the parents formally communicated to the dear *Demoiselle* the wishes of the Musician and the consent which they had obtained. 'We find the match suitable in every respect,' said they, 'and we hope you think with us.'—'Do not imagine it for a moment,' said the daughter, in a voice almost unintelligible from her sobs; 'I cannot—I never will marry such a husband.'—'What can inspire your aversion for a man of such talent?' demanded the father several times—'Is he not a man of talent?'—'O yes,' replied the poor girl at length—'O yes; but I am afraid he will snuff me up!'—*Oui, mais je crains qu'il ne me renifle*. Now, (said the old gentleman) M. Lafont may get some money and return to his country; but M. — cannot very well cut off his nose, and without that he is never likely to obtain his beautiful bride. What a duet these gentlemen might play!"

Among the electioneering anecdotes of the

day, on raconte the following:—An Elector demanded of a friend some information respecting a certain candidate who was amply furnished with government recommendations. "M. —, (said the friend) is father of five children, who have all places in the public employ, &c. One day he was preparing to mount the tribune in support of a ministerial measure, when one of his friends, a member of the opposition, pulled his coat, and after exposing to him the evil of the measure in its bearings on his own constituents, concluded by observing 'What can you want?—your five children are all placed.'—'Yes, yes, I know it,' replied the Orator; 'but,' (putting his head down to the ear of his friend)—'but my wife is big with the sixth!'"

The arrival of Prince Talleyrand at Paris, and his general knowledge of the diplomacy of all the courts of Europe, render him rather more a subject of conversation than usual. The Prince and the King make use of each other, but there is no confidence or attachment between them; and they take opportunities of saying things to each other as cutting as their relative positions will allow. It is known that M. T. is not very well with Madame T.; and on the occasion of her return to Paris after a long absence, his Majesty very keenly said, "M. le Prince, I compliment you on the happy arrival of Madame votre épouse."—"I thank your Majesty," said the Prince with a shrug; "it is my 20th of March." His Majesty did not return the fire.

There is just now a considerable sale of pictures selected from the cabinet of M. Chénard, formerly actor at the Italian Comedy and the Opera Comique. Many of these choice paintings were given to him by our first artists; and he is severely reproached for bringing to the hammer these marks of private friendship, and for heaping together the pictures of the old Masters which he had purchased, and the productions of his professional intimates. There are pieces by David, Gérard, Guérin, Girodet, Stabey, Bertin, Vaudouet, and Carle and Horace Vernet.

The 8th Volume of the Contemporaneous Biography has just appeared, and contains Memoirs of George III. & IV. of England, Gustavus III. & IV. of Sweden, Grimm, Gibbon, Gretry, Gourgand, &c. &c. This and some Romances, such as *Michel et Christine*, *Pierre, Paul et Jean*, *les Deux Forçats*, formed from pieces performed with success at the theatres, but contemptible as Romances, voila! all the recent productions of the press.

### THE DRAMA.

CHANGES of Performers and Performances are all that claim a notice from us touching the dramatic world since our last. Covent Garden disappointed us of *Maid Marian* last Tuesday—we presume unavoidably, for such alterations, after long announcements, vex the public, and are detrimental to the Theatre. Miss F. H. Kelly continues her triumphant career, improving on her original excellence, and receiving the meed of augmented applause. The following tribute to her talents, from a sweet writer, has been handed to us to swell the grateful strain.\*

\* We are glad to insert in opposition to it an abominable Impromptu on the same subject, from a Correspondent who signs "Cockney."

Though in November she began  
Her hour upon our Stage to fret,  
She is so sweet that every man  
Hopes she'll go on for July-yet.

### SONNET

To Miss KELLY, on her Performance of Juliet.

'Twas the embodying of a lovely thought,  
A living picture exquisitely wrought,  
With hues we think, but never hope to see  
In all their beautiful reality:  
With something more than fancy can create,  
So full of life, so warm, so passionate.  
Young Beauty! sweetly didst thou paint the deep  
Intense affection Woman's heart will keep  
More tenderly than life! I see thee now,  
With thy white wreathed arms, thy pensive brow,  
Standing so lovely in thy sorrowing.  
I've sometimes read, and closed the page divine,  
Dreaming what that Italian girl might be:  
Yet never imaged look or tone more sweet than  
thine! L. E. L.

At Drury Lane, Mrs. Austin, last from Dublin, appeared on Saturday, and won for herself much approbation both as an actress and songstress. She is a very pleasant performer, and adds another attraction to the musical strength of the Company, to which a further accession has been made by the début of Mr. Horn. On Wednesday, the House overflowed to the union of Kean's Othello and Young's Iago. To criticise these parts, unless we went into a very inconvenient length, would be little to the purpose; suffice it to say, that the Othello, not being subject, as we think, to such precise rules as some others of Shakspeare's characters which Mr. Kean sustains with nearly equal applause, is powerful and striking. There is a savage energy about it, which, if not consistent with the beau ideal, is eminently in unison with Nature's deepest workings and Passion's most dreadful force. There are indeed parts which no acting ever did or ever can surpass for this terrific fidelity; though, as a whole, the usual sad defects to be regretted, leave us this Artist still exactly the *Caravaggio* of the Stage. In Mr. Young, whose part on this occasion required (what he gave it) the same colouring, we have a style almost the opposite. He rarely attempts the terrible, and even modulates the sublime into a harmony peculiarly his own. His Iago is a great performance, and not less remarkable for its intrinsic merits than for enabling the public to judge of the Actor's powers in a line very different from that into which he has generally been cast. Another gratification was also to be drawn from this evening's entertainments, namely, the practical assurance which it gave that the selfish, tyrannical, and intolerable system of exclusion in which leading Performers have been too apt to indulge, has at least been partially abandoned. As at Covent Garden we now see Romeo and Juliet admirably cast to the very Apothecary and Peter, so it is to be hoped we shall hereafter witness at both Theatres the combination, and not the separation, of talents on the same nights and in the same pieces. The Houses and the Actors themselves will, as well as the Public, be benefited by such arrangements; and the latter, if not the best tempered or most ignorant "enlightened public" in the world, would long since have manifested its displeasure in a way which would have produced the proper result.

*A Selection of Welsh Melodies, &c.* By John Parry; and Characteristic Words by Mrs. Hemans. First Number.  
This commencement of a new edition of the National tunes of Wales meets our hearty

approbation, and we are sure that our fair friends will be gratified by a call on Mr. Power to possess themselves of this beautiful collection, which consists of sixteen simple and five harmonized Airs. With the former we have been especially delighted, as a recreation from the labours of our study. The poetical talents of Mrs. Hemans have been happily called in to give a new interest to this fine Music; and as we cannot illustrate the latter, we subjoin examples of her lyric genius:

### THE SEA-SONG OF GAVRAN.\*

AIR—"The live long Night."  
Watch ye well! The moon is shrouded  
On her bright throne;  
Storms are gathering, stars are clouded;  
Waves make wild moan.  
'Tis no night of hearth-fires glowing,  
And gay songs and wine-cups flowing;  
But of winds, in darkness blowing  
O'er seas unknown!  
In the dwellings of our fathers,  
Round the glad blaze,  
Now the festive circle gathers,  
With harps and lays;  
Now the rush-strown halls are ringing,  
Steps are bounding, hards are singing,  
—Ay! the hour to all is bringing  
Peace, joy, or praise!  
Save to us, our night-watch keeping,  
Storm-winds to brave,  
While the very sea-bird sleeping,  
Rests in its cave!  
Think of us when hearths are beaming,  
Think of us when mead is streaming,  
Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming,  
On the dark wave!

### THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN.

AIR—"The Door-Clapper."  
The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-night,  
I weep, for the grave has extinguish'd its light;  
The beam of its lamp from the summit is o'er,  
The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more!  
The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless and still,  
The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill!  
Be silent for ever, thou desolate scene,  
Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath been!  
The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare,  
No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there!  
Oh! where are the warriors who circled its board?  
—The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup  
was pour'd!

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,  
Since He is departed whose smile made it bright!  
I mourn, but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,  
The pathway is short to the grave of my chief!

We shall only add Owain Glyndwr's War-song (which is accompanied by a very well conceived and well executed plate by H. F. Rose)—a martial and inspiring theme:

Saw ye the blazing star?  
The heavens look down on freedom's war,  
And light her torch on high!  
Bright on the dragon-crest  
It tells that glory's wing shall rest,  
When warriors meet to die!  
Let earth's pale tyrants read despair,  
And vengeance in its flame.

\* Gavran was a British Chief, who in the fifth century undertook a voyage to discover the islands which, by tradition, were known under the appellation of Gwerddonau Llôn, or Green Islands of the Ocean. This expedition was never afterwards heard of. See *Cambrlan Biography*, p. 124.



Hail ye, my bards! the omen fair  
Of conquest and of fame,  
And swell the rushing mountain-air,  
With songs to Glyndwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,  
Mark'd ye how each majestic height  
Burn'd in its awful beams?  
Red shone th' eternal snows,  
And all the land, as bright it rose,  
Was full of glorious dreams!  
Oh! eagles of the battle, rise!  
The hope of Gwynedd wakes!  
It is your banner in the skies,  
Thro' each dark cloud which breaks,  
And mantles with triumphal eyes,  
Your thousand hills and lakes!

A sound is on the breeze,  
A murmur, as of swelling seas!  
The Saxon on his way!  
Lo! spear, and shield, and lance,  
From Deva's waves, with lightning glance,  
Reflected to the day!  
But who the torrent-wave compels  
A conqueror's chain to bear?  
Let those who wake the soul that dwells  
On our free winds, beware!  
The greenest and the loveliest dells  
May be the lion's lair!

Of us they told, the seers  
And monarch-bards of elder years,  
Who walk'd on earth, as pow'rs!  
And in their burning strains  
A spell of might and mystery reigns,  
To guard our mountain-towers!  
—In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay,  
Before his gifted sight  
The march of ages pass'd away,  
With hero-footsteps bright,  
But proudest in that long array  
Was Glyndwr's path of light!

We are glad to see it announced, that in another Number specimens of the Pennillion singing are to be given. This species of Music is peculiar and curious; and our readers may remember that we mentioned the pleasure it had afforded us when we described its character and effect at the Eisteddod.

#### VARIETIES.

Madame Villette, the "*Belle et Bonne*" of Voltaire, died the other day at Paris, aged 64. Her brother is Bishop of Orleans.

A Museum of considerable merit has lately been opened in the "Rue du Temple" at Paris. It already presents a collection of good pictures by great masters; Antiquities from Rome, Naples, Herculaneum, &c.; French, English, and Italian engravings; curious tapestries; and other articles of *curiosité*.

An Encyclopedia, or general Dictionary of Music, has been announced, in which many of our eminent Composers are engaged.

The Rev. F. Dibdin, it is stated to us in an anonymous note,\* is immediately going to press with a new and enlarged edition of his *Introduction to the Classics*.

Mr. Hookham has announced *The Confederate*, a Story, in 3 vols. for speedy publication.

Johnson's Dictionary, and Ure's Chemistry, are being translated into the French language.

Mr. Elmes' *Life of Sir Christopher Wren*, with many plates by Lowry, Scriven, &c. will

\* We mention this for the sake of requesting that Literary Notices sent to us should be authenticated.

be ready for publication early in January. In consequence of the increase of materials from the family and other authentic sources, and a greater number of plates, the price will, it is announced, be of necessity increased from two guineas and a half, to three guineas—except to those persons whose names are already down, or may be inscribed at Messrs. Priestley & Weales, the publishers, High Street Bloomsbury, before the 31st Dec.

Count Bertrand, in a letter to the Editor of the *Constitutionnel*, has thrown cold water on O'Meara's book, to which he says he "is a perfect stranger;" and declares that he never heard any of the Conversations which "the Author states himself to have had with Napoleon." Out of this O'Meara will easily extricate himself, as he never represented Bertrand as having been present; but the gross contradictions which have been pointed out in the *Literary Gazette*, he has very wisely avoided to notice. The ex-Surgeon is a skilful tactician, and attacks only weak points.

A great number of very fine plates, drawings, architectural designs, &c. have been destroyed by a fire in Holborn, which, among other houses, burnt down Mr. Taylor's library. Mr. Taylor's magazine, we believe, consisted of not only a large, but a choice collection of books on the Fine Arts, and particularly on Architecture. Among his treasures in this class, were many valuable works of foreign architects, and almost every work of British note. Of Stuart's Athens, he possessed the remnant copies as well as the original drawings, and several unpublished papers. In his stock were also some fine sets of the Cathedral and Architectural antiquities of England; of Pugin's Specimens of Gothic Architecture, all the 1st volume undelivered; the Glossary of Architectural Terms, just printed; and many other interesting productions. The preservation of a number of fine plates is expected from the integrity of the stone sanctum in which they were deposited.

Croydon, 21st Nov. 1822.

SIR,—As I remember reading in a Number of your Gazette, published, I think, sometime in August last, an article noticing the early departure of the Swallows this season, I take the liberty of informing you that I yesterday shot a bird of this species, which I observed flying about with four or five more of the same kind. I leave it for you to determine whether these animals, having staid here till so late a period, are destined to pass the winter in this country in a torpid state; or, having been induced by the mildness of the season to defer their departure to a later time than usual, they will, when colder weather shall commence, follow their fellow emigrants to a milder climate.

I am, Sir, Your Obedient Servant,  
A CONSTANT READER.

#### The Burying-ground of Père la Chaise.

I profited by a fine October day to make the round of the burying-place of Père la Chaise. It excites even more varied emotions than the opera: contemplation, surprise, terror, remembrances, reflections, fill your imagination, impress every movement with silence and timidity. Here pride and vanity have extended their privileges to the tomb. The common trench is for the poor—they are thrown together *pêle-mêle*; others have a five years' lease of their grave—humble tenants,

still subject to removals. Others, again, carrying their love of property beyond the boundaries of existence, have acquired for ever their four square feet—to this extent is now reduced their part of five hundred acres. All the cenotaphs, all the marbles, all the funeral columns, are graven but with tears and sighs. Sometimes the expressions of grief are very diffuse; sometimes of a more affecting brevity. Here I read Ah! there, Alas! and a little further, To-morrow! Observing this concert of grief and despair, I asked myself if all this was very sincere. I amused myself with imagining all suddenly restored to life, these fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts, so warmly regretted, returning to Paris alive and well, and reclaiming their property from their affectionate sons, tender daughters, and inconsolable nephews and nieces. What a revolution it would make! what lying epitaphs they would be! I went from tomb to tomb, fancying a resurrection from each. Already I saw Geoffry seizing his critical sceptre, questioning the success of Sylla and Regulus, and the rising note of Mademoiselle Mante; l'Abbé Delille, and other academicians, seeking their arm chairs in vain; M. Agasse grasping the *Moniteur* as proprietor again; M. Micoud reclaiming his prefecture de l'Ourthe; Beauvilliers his coffee-house; M. Journe-Aubert his senatorship; M. Sicard his place of perpetual secretary; M. Vanderberghe his upholstery; Vigier his baths, and Tortoni his pistaccio ices. I know not what disorder such a resurrection would occasion in Paris; I will not pursue the consequences; I fear the effects of this dream even on the timid hearts of the heirs. With what consternation would they hear the singular excuse made me the other morning by a person who was mistaken in affirming before twenty persons that M. le Docteur — was dead. "Dead!" replied I, "I met him this morning." "I can assure you he is dead," "And I declare I met him this morning, and shook hands with him." "Wait one moment: ah, I had forgotten; but he is not the less dead for all that. I should have told you, he has rendered such service to the burying ground of Père la Chaise, that he has received a passport to leave it twice a-week."—*French Journal*.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G<sup>d</sup> P<sup>rs</sup> will, we trust, excuse our calling upon him in confidence for his name to authenticate his letter, before we proceed upon it to arraign an author who has given his unsolicited to the public. Mr. W. Goodison may be wrong in his account of Ionian manners; but our Greek Correspondent must be sensible that our Justice rejects such a charge as his, anonymously.

B. of Liverpool's *Scène* is not sufficiently interesting or pointed.

M. S. will improve by practice; is not yet ripe for the Gazette.

We can really do nothing to encourage R. B. G.

Architects complain of the "half geometrical half perspective Representation of the Royal Exchange," and "His Majesty's Embarkation at Greenwich," as very inferior productions to be placed at the head of the Sheet Almanacks of the present year. We notice the denunciation of these works of bad taste, not having seen the proofs.

Robertus Pimliconiensis is accepted.

We only differ in opinion from "A Friend;"—his advice is however kindly received.

S. K. has not convinced us, and we never keep rejected poetry; if we did, we should have to hire a large warehouse.

W. is right. Lady Baussiere is in Tristram Shandy;—the *Sentimental Journey* was mentioned by sheer inadvertency in the *Literary Gazette*, Nov. 2.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

**THE** Subscribers and Public are respectfully informed, the Sub-Committee have, with the approbation of the Directors, taken the Earl of Carnarvon's House, in Hanover-square, for the Royal Academy of Music. In consequence of the improvements to be made in the Premises, the Committee have determined to extend to the 20th of December next, the day of nomination of Candidates for the foundation, heretofore fixed for the 15th instant. The Committee have also determined that the day of Election shall not take place before the Meeting of Parliament, with the view that Candidates may have every possible facility afforded them in obtaining the Subscribers' attendance on the day of Election, due notice of which will be given hereafter. By Order of the Committee, JAMES WEBSTER, Sec.

Royal Academy of Music, Hanover-square,  
Nov. 15, 1822.

## African Museum of Natural History.

**THE** Public are respectfully informed, that the **EXTENSIVE and CELEBRATED COLLECTION of NATURAL HISTORY**, made during Twenty Years Residence at the Cape of Good Hope, and Interior of Africa, by Monsieur VILLETTTE, has just arrived in London, and is now EXHIBITING in the Great-Room at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly. It comprises a general Collection of Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, Insects, Shells, Corals, Plants, &c. &c. Among the Quadrupeds, are five specimens of the HIPPOPOTAMUS, and other large Animals of the Cape. Among the Birds is a large Collection from Java, consisting of 370, many of them new specimens, with a Living Gnu, and a Pair of extremely curious Wild Non-descript DOGS Alive, the only Pair ever brought to Europe.

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Prefixed will be given the Report made to the Academy of Sciences, of the results of this Expedition, made by the Commission, consisting of Messrs. Humboldt, Cuvier, Desfontaines, Gay-Lussac, Blot, De Rosset, Thénard, and Arago.

**RIVINGTON'S ANNUAL REGISTER**  
for the Year 1821, will be published on the 24 of December, in one large volume, 8vo. price 18s. in bds. The Volume for the Year 1820, was published in January last, price 12s.  
St. Paul's Church-yard, Nov. 26.

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On Saturday next will be published,  
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for December: containing, among various other Original Articles,—I. Sketches of the Irish Bar, No. 3. —II. Werner, a Tragedy, by Lord Byron.—III. Table Talk, No. 3, being a Chapter on the Conversation of Authors.—IV. The Physician, No. 3. On the use of Animal Food.—V. Peter Pindarica.—VI. The Panorama of London.—VII. Baron Grimm's Ghost.—VIII. A Visit to Blenheim.—IX. Coxenizing Coxens and Coasting Compliments.—X. A Sabbath in London, by a Seven Years Absentee.—XI. Pope's Room at Stanton Harcourt.—XII. Modern Pilgrimages, No. 6.—Tivoli and the Sabine Valley.—XIII. On the early Spanish Interfudes.—XIV. Memoirs of Goethe, by Himself.—XV. The newly discovered Ancient City in South America.—XVI. Notices of Interesting Foreign Publications, and the usual Varieties in Literary and Dramatic Criticism, Art, Science, Politics, Commerce, &c.  
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